

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

A FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER IN HOLLAND WATCHING FOR THE FLEET

Contents This Week

Towed Under, A Philippine anecdote.....	By ROWLAND THOMAS	63	This Busy World: Fireworks Probable — The Philippine Report — Pros-	
Yellow, A Junior Fiction Contest story.....	By JACK HENDERSON	64	pects for a Naval Conference — Our Panamanian Ally — Taming the	
The Choice of a Profession—I. The Ministry. By WILLIAM E. BARTON		66	Bachelors.....	72
The Universal Trading Company,—III. By MacGREGOR JENKINS		67	Miscellany: A Message from the Past — A Friend in Need — With a Tap of	
The Home Girl,—VI.....	By D. LORAINE and A. F. HENDERSON	68	His Finger—Crime and Punishment — The Best Motion Pictures.....	72
Anita's Pet, A boa-constrictor in Maine.....	By C. A. STEPHENS	69	The Y. C. Lab, The National Society for Ingenious Boys.....	74
Are Ants Civilized? A scientific article.....	By LOUIS I. DUBLIN	71	The G. Y. C., For All Girls Everywhere.....	76
Fact and Comment: Choosing Your Life-Work — The Professors and the			Stamps to Stick, February instalment.....	78
War Debts — Big Smoke, His Mark.....		72	The Children's Page.....	79



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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"ADMIRAL" JACKSON—so we called him in deference to his grizzled beard and air of shipboard dignity—set down his sixth mug of tea half-emptied and looked about the mess-room thoughtfully.

"There's something about Christmas," he began—

"Cut away the soft talk and get on with the story," the sallow young fellow who sat beside me called impatiently. Sammy was his name, and the heavy hand of London had graven its mark deep all over him.

"Well, it was on the Wayne," the Admiral began, sliding down into his swivel chair and throwing his feet across the corner of the table. "She's a little thing beside this one, two thousand ton maybe; but she's the fastest of the transport fleet, and a cleaner, nicer ship for sea never was built."

"We went out from New York by way of the Suez, and we had a cargo of Congressmen. You'd find 'em on the bridge, and pokin' round the stoke-hole, and chinnin' with the crew in the forec's'l, and wherever you missed a Congressman you'd run against a Senator. It was some kind of a committee of investigation going out to look at the Philippines, a year or two after the treaty was signed; and find out how bad we'd got stuck on the bargain. There never was a silk-hatted ship pulled out of a dock than the Wayne was that trip, and of course it made the crew good and happy to have all that crowd of owners aboard." The Admiral flapped the heels of his big carpet-slippers meditatively. "I've often thought it would interest passengers to know how a ship's crew goes around sizin' them up on the quiet," he said. "A man lies easy in his deck-chair, and the sailor who's cleanin' the brass alongside him can tell you whether his shoes have been half-sole'd or not. We damaged the character of all of 'em, impartially, and finally we settled on one to last us out the whole sixty days."

"Old Boiler-plate, some one called him, and the name stuck. He had a nice movable sort of a face that worked on hinges, and a dignified, important expression that looked as if it had been welded on and then reinforced with rivets. There were dents here and there where the blacksmith had got careless with his hammer. I doubt if one man was ever hated more to the square yard than that man was by the crew of the Wayne."

"After he got over being seasick he put in his time rummagin' over the ship as if she belonged to him, and he suspected some one was tryin' to spoil her. He'd spend hours watchin' a gang at work, and at last they got pretty sore over it. It wasn't his lookin', but the way he looked, starin' straight through you with that immovable face, as if you weren't worth winkin' an eye for."

"We made all the regular transport stops that trip, Gibraltar, Malta, Said, Aden, and the rest. Most of the passengers went ashore and made an inspection of each port, but old Boiler-plate would just lie in a long deck-chair and size 'em up, and you could tell by the look of his eye that he thought such places was mighty lucky to have a man like him look at 'em, even from a distance."

"We couldn't understand it for a while, his disposition being so prying in most things, but at last we made out that he didn't think much of foreign colonies anyway and was saving up his energy to spend on his own possessions. For when we got to the Philippines he began to look the islands over just the way he had the ship."

"No place was too small or far away for him to have a stare at. The rest of the crowd dropped off one by one, as they got to thinkin' of the society and ice plant in Manila, but the old man, who was a chairman or something, kept weavin' the ship in and out among the islands, and on the morning of December 24, just a year ago today, of all un-Christmassy places, we found ourselves on the northeast coast of Samar."



The passenger pulled out a big clasp knife—as big as a cleaver it was—and began hacking away at the two-inch rope

Towed Under

By ROWLAND THOMAS

Illustrated by DUDLEY SUMMERS

"The trip was all but ended; there was just time to crowd on and make Manila by the end of Christmas afternoon, and you wouldn't think anyone who could get away would stay on that coast. But this friend of ours had heard of a river thereabouts with some special kind of timber on it, and nothing would do but he must have the launch and go and see it."

"We were a sore lot when the Wayne rounded to under the lee of a little island about five miles off shore and dropped us overboard. Sandy MacMurray, the fifth officer, was in charge. He was a red-headed Scotch boy with a bad temper. There was a coxswain and a deckhand, and I was running the engine."

"Our friend sat in the cockpit forward, opposite Sandy, staring straight ahead. He didn't look round even when Sandy began talking to me for his benefit. 'Give her all the steam she will carry,' he said. 'We'll go faster than we'll come, by the look of the sky. It's an indecent place to send a launch, anyway.'"

"It did not look promising. It's a bad coast there, all filled up with uncharted coral reefs and sand banks. The tail of a typhoon had passed out into the Pacific a day or two before, and a long lazy swell was runnin' down out of the northeast and breakin' into a good bit of sea in the channel between the little island and the coast of Samar."

"But it wasn't the swell that bothered us. The whole current from the China and Sulu seas comes runnin' out through the San Bernardino Strait right there. Five knots an hour it'll set to the eastward, at times, and it'll take the biggest ship off her course as easy as the eddies below a milldam sweep a wherry round."

"What with a hint of wind in the clouds, and the knowledge that the tide would be

makin' in from the Pacific by noon, and meeting that San Bernardino current, and the whole thing mixing up with that groundswell, there was a prospect of a wet passage when we should start back in the afternoon."

"But of course we took our orders like any other kind of medicine and ran in shore in a very bad temper, as I've said. When we reached the bar at the mouth of the river Sandy took the wheel from the coxswain and sent the other hand forward with the soundin' pole. We ploughed up and up that river, half-speed most of the time, and Sandy steerin' all the way. He was a good man with a boat, or we'd have hung up early in the game. I never saw a worse channel. The river was like an endless street between the big trees, and after an hour or two Sandy said:

"It's all like this. We'd better put back, if you want to make the ship tonight."

"Our friend didn't even bother to look at him, just kept borin' his eye into the timber ashore."

"I'm usin' this launch for purposes of investigation, Mr.—er—Officer," he said, "and I must decide for myself when I've seen enough!"

"Sandy's jaws came together with a snap, and I knew they wouldn't open till his feelin's blew 'em apart."

"We kept on going till about noon, and we must have been thirty miles upstream when all at once Sandy put his helm over and swung her downstream without a word. I glanced out under the awnin' and saw what was the matter. It was still enough on the river, but the tops of the trees were shaking, and the air was full of a low humming sound."

"Our passenger almost looked surprised. 'What is the meanin' of this, young man?' he asked at last."

"Sandy let go the wheel with one hand and half turned around, with his eyes

stickin' out of his head. His jaws opened all right."

"Wind," he shouted, waving his hand at the trees. "W-i-n-d. Wind! Does that leak through your armor-plate? Is it you or the engine that's gettin' tired, Jackson?"

"I stood by for an explosion from the passenger, but never a muscle of his face moved."

"We kept on downstream, making all the speed we could, but it's harder takin' a bad channel with the current than against it, and it was well on toward sunset when we swung into the last stretch and the wind caught us for the first time. It was blowing a livin' gale."

"All at once we heard the Wayne's siren, and looked downstream with a jump. She was lyin' just off the outer edge of the bar, it seemed, and for a moment we thought she must be aground. But she was risin' and fallin' with the sea, and we soon understood. The five-mile channel outside was one stretch of breakers, and the captain had done what not one skipper in fifty would dare to try, and not one in a hundred could do—stood over through those reefs and swung her in-shore with sternway on to pick us up."

"Down toward the mouth of the river the channel hugged the west bank and deepened, and we were running down it at more than full speed, when something happened. A dozen puffs of smoke burst out of the brush to port, and the bullets sung overhead, as usual. That may sound like a fairy tale, but those outlaws down there have a way of doing such things. Samar's a bad island," the Admiral commented mildly, "but they ought to learn to shoot with their eyes open."

"We'd run on a quarter of a mile and were close on the bar when they gave us another volley. There was a chugging sound, and Sandy's left hand fell from the wheel as if some one had jerked it loose. The coxswain jumped toward him, but Sandy simply headed her straight for the bar with his right hand."

"Go forward to catch the line," he ordered. "Bill and the passenger stand by to bail." And we struck the smother on the bar."

"HOW we got through it I don't know, but we did, and when it got a little smoother I found the passenger in my cockpit, calm as ever, while water was washin' our ankles."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Take that bucket and bail," I said. "It's all day with us if the water reaches the grates!" And I turned to put our little steam pump in action."

"But I watched him out of the corner of my eye as I worked. He was a good man with a bucket, and his long arms fairly flew. Once he straightened up with a grunt and peeled off his long black coat. It went flyin' down wind as he picked up his bucket again. He had that cockpit dry quick as a pump could do it, and then he ripped off his collar and tore open the front of his shirt. Evidently he was warmin' up, though his face didn't change."

"What next?" he asked.

"Heave some of these ashes overboard with that scoop," I said.

"The big shovel scraped on the iron, and I straightened up for a look ahead. But I ducked again quick, for I thought I'd poked my head into a melted hail storm. I turned round to say something, for it seems as if anybody ought to know better than to heave loose ashes to windward in a gale. But he was digging a hot cinder out of his neck, so I kept still."

"By the time he had the ashpit clear we'd run down pretty close to the Wayne, and the end of a heaving line came rattling across the awning. The first officer was standing by the after-bits."

"Take the hawser aboard and hang on," he shouted to Sandy. "It's your only chance. If we find you can't tow, we'll cut on this end. You hang on till further orders."

"Like most portable launches, the one we were in was a bit top-heavy, and when the wind caught the awnings it just canted her over to starboard, and the minute the hawser tautened she went still further.

"Give her more steam! Sandy yelled, and in a second the hawser was slack again.

"The Congressman was standing right back of Sandy. 'Why don't you let the ship tow us now?' he asked.

"Sandy flung his head half round and tossed his little speech over his head in mouthfuls as he jiggled the wheel up and down with his one hand.

"Ever see a patent log?" he asked. "Ever see the spinner on it spin? That hawser tautens, launch spins same way. No harm of course, but make us—too dizzy to swim well."

"SANDY'S remarks didn't call for an answer, and I could see the passenger keeping a weather eye on that bit of rope, as we all were. I had a full head of steam on, and mostly we kept it aloft; but it would lift at times, and once when the crest of a wave slowed us she felt the bite of it and came within an inch of turning turtle.

"Sandy began to hail the deck for the first officer, but of course he was busy forward, and we got no answer.

"Why don't you cut it?" asked the passenger, getting on to what was the matter.

"Orders," said Sandy shortly, swinging her a bit to meet a sea. The passenger looked at him sharp.

"It ought to be cut?" he asked.

"Sure," said Sandy, "unless we want to be towed under. Just stow your conversation till I'm through steering, will you?"

"The passenger looked at Sandy's back again, and then he pulled out a big clasp-knife—big as a cleaver, it seemed—and crawled out on the overhang and began hacking away at the two-inch rope. The launch rode easier the minute she was free of the drag of it, and I was thinking everything was right when Sandy's knees seemed to double up.

"Take the wheel, coxswain," he said, dazed-like, and sank down in a little heap in the water that was sloshing round the cockpit.

"For a minute we stared at Sandy, and then the passenger picked him up and laid

him down along the seat, all limp, and began cutting away his left sleeve with the big knife. I never want to see a worse sight than Sandy's forearm was. The bullet had torn it all to pieces, but the boy had just hung to his wheel with one hand and never knew he was hurt bad till his boat was safe.

"As the old fellow stood looking down at it those dents in his face moved in and out slow, as if he'd started a joint and his plates were workin'. But in a minute he was as calm-looking as ever and began cutting strips from his own shirt and tying up the arm the best way he could to stop the bleeding.

"All this time the coxswain had been bucking her into the seas, and we'd worked off shore a little. She made very bad weather

and went very slowly, but still she went, and after a while we saw we had a good fightin' chance to get across that channel into the lee of the island, where we knew the Wayne would lay to and wait for us.

"When we were about halfway across Sandy moved a little on the bench and began to mumble something. The pain and loss of blood had driven him delirious, I guess. The passenger stooped over him and seemed to listen, and after a bit he picked the boy up in those long arms of his and sat down with him cuddled up against his breast like a baby.

"It was a funny sight, for the old man's face was dirty clear down to his waist, where that shovelful of ashes had hit his wet skin, and Sandy's blazing head lay against it like

some new-fangled flower. But somehow I didn't feel like laughing. You could see he'd forgotten the launch, and the sea, and everything.

"After a bit Sandy spoke again, a little louder. 'Feyther! I can't get the Scotch sound of it.'

"The passenger bent that hard face of his lower. 'Yes, son,' he says.

"Sandy moved his head a little on his shoulder. 'It'll be Christmas the morrow,' he said.

"The passenger snuggled him up closer and looked at the boy hard, sort of half surprised and a whole lot ashamed, and then all at once his face kind of split open in the middle, and I tell you of all the pretty smiles I ever saw that old man had the prettiest right then.

"Yes, son," he said, 'It'll be Christmas. And you'll see many a merry Christmas hereafter, if you and I get out of this.' And Sandy, I suppose, dreamin' he was a youngster again back at home, sort of half opened his eyes and smiled kind of weak, and for once in his life Sandy was sort of good-lookin' too."

The Admiral picked up his thick mug mechanically, took a sip of the lukewarm tea and straightened up with a jerk.

"What became of Sandy?" asked a water-tender, as softly as his big voice would let him.

"Sandy!" echoed the Admiral. "Oh, the Congressman got the idea, somehow, that Sandy was a good man. He happened to have a pull with the Mail Line. Sandy's second officer on one of those new boats, and he'll be a captain by the time he's thirty."

Sammy took his elbows from the edge of the table and drew as long a breath as his narrow chest would hold. "Leavin' out the Christmas part, which is just a gyme to please the kiddies," he said, critically, "it's a bloomin' good story. 'E was all right, that old bloke, an' the young Scotch chap, 'e was all right too. Give me chaps as ain't softies, every time."

Just then a heavy fist thundered on the door of the mess-room, and a voice roared, "Eight bells! First relief to the engine room," and they all got up stiffly and shuffled down to their steel-bound prison, to drive the old ship a watch farther over the snowy sea.

"If I Could Travel—!"

ROWLAND THOMAS'S thrilling story is told by an old seaman, in a ship's mess-room. There is romance in a sailor's life. He travels far and can learn much. Everyone would like to travel somewhere, to see new places and new faces. Not many of us can afford the time or the money.

If you had one month's vacation, and as much money as you needed, where would you go, and what would you do to get the biggest return on your investment of time and money?

For the best letter from any reader upon this subject, The Companion offers a prize of \$15.00; for the second best letter, \$10.00; and for the third best letter, \$5.00. The winning letter may describe a journey near or far—a few miles from home or to a distant land. But the plan of the trip must be accurate and possible. For example, a letter describing a tour of one month in China and Europe, starting from Boston, Mass., would not win the prize. The trip must start from your home and bring you back home at the end of a month.

Letters must tell:

Where you want to go.

What you want to see or do there.

When you would like to leave home, and when to return.

By what means you would travel from place to place—airplanes not allowed!

For your convenience, we have made the following arbitrary list of the average speed of various forms of transportation:

Trains	25 miles per hour
Steamships	18 miles per hour
Automobiles	150 miles per day
Walking on foot	18 miles per day
Horseback	25 miles per day
Bicycling	50 miles per day

It is hoped that this contest will servetowiden the interest of Companion readers in those parts of America which are strange to them, and will help to broaden their knowledge of the world.

All entries must be in the hands of the Judges on or before March 1. Address letters to Travel Editor, The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Yellow

By JACK HENDERSON (20)

Illustrated by PHILIP B. PARSONS

I SUPPOSE when you call a boy "Yellow" at school, for a nickname, there is generally a pretty good reason for it. Yellow Sanderson, the fellow I am telling about, always claimed he got the name because he wore a yellow tie the first day he came to Highland Academy.

Little things of that kind often stick to a boy—or a teacher. We have one teacher called "Bags" because, twenty years ago, he had a pair of knickerbockers of Scotch tweed. We have another called "Growler" because he growls at you in class. Of course, we don't call them these names to their faces, any more than we call Doctor Driggs by his first name, which is John. But all the fellows have nicknames, like "Sleepy" and "Dutch" and "Red." There is one boy called "Bug," and he hates and loathes it—but not so much as "Yellow" hated his name, even while he was earning it.

Sometimes I think it is cruel to mark a boy by a name that he really doesn't deserve. It is less work to call a boy Jack or Tom or Harry than to go to work and invent some unpleasant name like Hippo or Monkeyface for him. But you can't doubt, at times, that some of these school nicknames are deserved.

Yellow was a big, tall, rather delicate and sensitive boy. They tried him at guard on the football team, and he made a good deal of a mess of it. I played a little myself and had a chance to watch him, and you couldn't say exactly that he quit on any play, but he never seemed to charge as hard as he could. He often missed tackles, too, when just a little more speed would have been all he needed. They did not give Yellow his letter, although he started the last game of the season—our regular annual game with Media School.

Just about ten minutes after the game started, our coach, Mr. Robinson, sent Jackson to take Yellow's place. Yellow came out slowly, and put a blanket

around his shoulders, and then sat down. "You might as well get dressed," said Mr. Robinson to him.

Yellow turned red in the face when he heard that, and got up slowly and went into the gym, where we dress. Then he came out, after a while, and sat down somewhere in the grandstand and watched the game. Nobody said anything to him about it, of course, for nobody quite knew why Mr. Robinson had taken him out. He might have been feeling sick that day and unable to do himself justice; or he might have mixed up the signals a few times.

Anyway, we won the game, and nobody seemed much interested in trying to analyze it. Only losing games are ever remembered in great detail. We won just because we had a little more weight and beef than Media and were able to score on them twice. They didn't score at all. All their passes were well covered by our backs, and they didn't have the weight to make an impression on our line.

Next Yellow went out for basketball. He was tall enough for a center, but he couldn't

seem to get the hang of the game very well. I have always said that basketball is a harder and more punishing game than football; it seems to me I am always knocked around harder in basketball than in anything else. Yellow seemed to slow up, during practice. One good poke in the stomach was enough to make him play so cautiously and slowly that he was no use. He was dropped from the squad pretty soon; and maybe he overheard some talk about his lack of courage. We had a short name for courage, which doesn't look pretty if you write it down.

So Yellow began to flock by himself a good deal. He was not interested in writing for the Highland Monthly, or in dramatics, or in debating. He seemed to have a curious interest in sports. He was like a cat trying to drink hot milk, if you know what I mean. The cat will stick his nose into the milk, and yowl, and jump, and then come back and try it all over again. Yellow was sandless, but he wanted to be an athlete. It didn't surprise me when he joined a boxing class started by Mr. Thomas for all boys not on the basketball, hockey or track squad.

"Wait till that big sandless pup gets a tap on the snoot," said my roommate, Stan Blodgett.

"He doesn't have to box if he doesn't want to," I said. "The class is voluntary."

"Well, he'd better keep a mile out of it. Wait till somebody soaks him on the solar plexus—"

"What's that?"

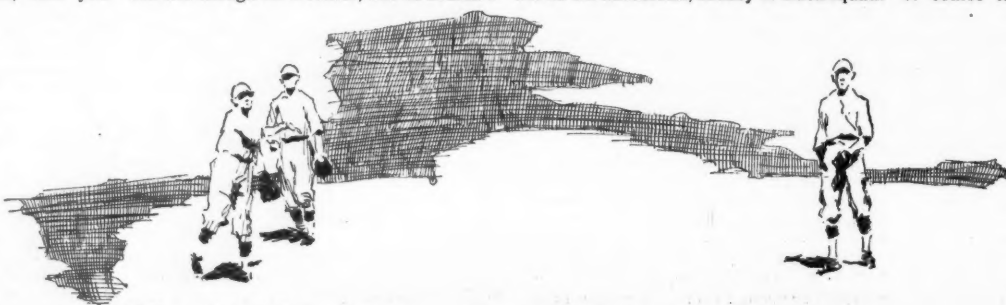
"The soft spot where you get your wind knocked out."

"I know what you mean."

IT wasn't long before Yellow, although he did not overhear this conversation in our room, knew just what Stan Blodgett meant, too. The very first chance we had to see the boxers practicing Stan and Bill King and I went up in the gallery and sat there with interest, watching for the fireworks.

Things were pretty slow, at first. Mr. Thomas would put the gloves on a pair of small kids, and show them how to "lead" and how to "block." He was very enthusiastic about it. He explained that it would teach them how to defend themselves if they were ever attacked by ruffians. The little kids would swing at each other like windmills, so slowly and clumsily that they couldn't do any damage at all. After a while, Mr. Thomas boxed with a bigger fellow, Lester Peters, who knew something about it. This was worth watching, although of course they were only sparring—their hands were half open, so they couldn't hurt each other.

Then, after everybody was excused except Yellow, and Lester, and a big fellow named Jackson who had proved too slow for basketball, Mr. Thomas suggested that Yellow and Jackson might box a couple of rounds. At this point we all grew very much interested. We made a few remarks while Yellow was tying his left glove on, and when Mr. Thomas tied his right one we waxed very merry about his chances. Mr. Thomas looked up and told us to save our wit



Yellow admired the baseball players—the easy, fearless way they went about their work

for some other occasion where it would be more appreciated.

We could see, as Yellow came out on the floor, that he was very much excited. He always liked the surroundings of athletics, if you know what I mean—the smell of soiled clothes and chloroform liniment in the dressing room, the shine of the electric lights in the gym, the hush that comes over a crowd before a game, the sound of the cheers. These were things that appealed to him. He wanted to be an athlete, I believe, more than any other boy in school. And as he came out now, for this friendly boxing bout, I could see that he was all wrought up about it. No sooner had he started to box with Jackson than we were all astonished to see how good he was. We had been reading an old book on "Fistiana," and we pretended this was a real fight, and not a friendly sparring match, for fun and exercise.

"He is going around Jackson like a cooper round a barrel," exclaimed Stan Blodget. "Shades of Tom Crib!" said Bill King. "Yellow has reached his bread-basket."

"He has tapped his ruby!" Bill and Stan laughed when I said this, although it wasn't quite accurate. We saw Yellow plant his left glove squarely on Jackson's nose, but there was no bloodshed. Jackson just shook his head and grinned. A second later, Yellow reached the point of his jaw with a hard-looking uppercut. Jackson stood like a rock, but his grin was beginning to fade.

"Counter," said Mr. Thomas. Yellow looked by this time as if he were a born boxer. He was flickering his left glove into Jackson's face, and then shooting his right into Jackson's nose or chin, sometimes varying this attack with a body blow. All the while, he was walking around Jackson, and forcing Jackson to pivot in order to face him.

It was amazing to see the despised Yellow in this new and tremendous rôle. "Shoot over the hay-maker," cried Stan. "Stand back and let him fall," added Bill. "Clinch, Jackson," was my advice. "It is the only way you can last out the round."

Jackson's face was now quite red, and he was puffing hard. Fully two minutes had gone by, and he had not struck a blow. At last we saw him draw back his arm, and then launch a hard, ferocious swing that missed Yellow's head by an inch. So hard was the blow that Jackson toppled forward and almost fell down. That, as we knew, was the opportunity for Yellow to dash in with a dangerous punch.

But he did nothing of the kind. His whole expression seemed to change. He even retreated, while Jackson regained his balance. And then Yellow seemed to want to box at long range. His arms were up, but he seemed to be merely tapping; in fact he seemed to be chiefly anxious to dodge Jackson's next blow. And Jackson realized what had happened. He had missed his only punch, but he had frightened Yellow so badly with it that Yellow didn't want to box any more.

Jackson was, as I have said, as slow as mud. But he shuffled forward now, and hit Yellow squarely on the nose. The blow was too high, but Yellow shut his eyes and ducked right into it. Before he could straighten up again Jackson had tapped him lightly in just the place Stan Blodget had mentioned—the solar plexus.

That was enough for Yellow. He bent double, grinding both gloves into his own face. He looked as if he were praying Jackson not to hit him again.

Mr. Thomas called "time."

We were all so surprised that we left the gallery quietly, and we didn't have much to say about it afterwards in our room. But it was the end of Yellow's career as a boxer.

HE played tennis in the spring, and his serve and overhead shots were all good. But he didn't make the team, although we hadn't any good material for it. Three fellows out of the third class, and one kid from the fourth, were the best we could muster. But each and every one of them beat Yellow in the trial matches. He would fade in the fifth set, when you need nerve. He used to stand sometimes and watch the baseball practice with a wistful look on his face—but we all guessed, without being told, that he was afraid to bat. It takes more sand than a lot of people suppose to face a wild pitcher. Yellow admired the baseball players—the

easy, fearless way they went about their work. But he didn't come out for the team.

If there was one fellow that we didn't notice and didn't associate with, that fellow was Yellow. He was just like a ghost; you could almost see through him, and it didn't make any difference whether he was in the crowd or not.

Then Prize Day came around, and we all got our diplomas, including Yellow. Every fellow is cheered when he goes up on the platform to get his diploma, but the cheers for Yellow were so feeble that a mosquito would hardly have heard them. That evening, after a big supper and a lot of singing and speechmaking, we were supposed to pack our trunks and be ready for an early start in the morning.

I don't know to this day, and nobody knows, how the fire started. They say it began in the boiler room, somehow, and was spreading all through the wall before the night watchman discovered it. We sleep in one long building at Highland, a big dormitory for all classes. The schoolrooms are in

the roof fell in, and we heard the whole top floor go crashing down into the basement at that end of the building, we could hardly keep from cheering. Everybody safe, everybody looking at the finest spectacle he had ever seen—well, that is the kind of fire you can enjoy.

I doubt if even Doctor Driggs, the head master, minded the fire very much, because the building was fully insured and the school was intending to replace it anyway. Just as soon as the roll was called by classes, and it was known that every boy was accounted for, Doctor Driggs seemed to become perfectly quiet. The fire crept along from the wrecked south end of the building toward the north end, where the infirmary was. The local firemen were squirting on it, now, but they had no possible chance of saving any of it and were principally busy wetting down the roofs of the other buildings for fear of sparks.

We were watching the fire creep along. First there would be a swirl of smoke at a window, then the smoke would just pour out of it, and then tongues of fire would

which might serve as a life-net if little Joe jumped. It was certain that in a few moments, with the hot flames behind him, he would either jump or fall off the sill. But he was on the fourth floor; it would not be possible to break such a long fall. There was no hook-and-ladder, no way in which Joe could be reached from the outside.

All this took place much faster than I can describe it. The fire had changed from a spectacle that we were all enjoying into a catastrophe that fairly stopped our hearts from beating.

SUDDENLY, even through the dense smoke, we all saw a blurred figure run straight to the building and in through the door of the infirmary staircase. We all thought it might be Jackson, but it was not. Jackson had gone around to the other side, where the flames and smoke were even worse. "Stay where you are, boy," called Doctor Driggs.

"Help is coming," called somebody else. "We'll have you down in a minute," shouted a third.

Little Joe Jackson's face was only dimly seen through the smoke that now poured out of the window on the sill of which he was clinging, leaning far out as if he was making his mind up to dive.

We could not believe that any living creature could climb those fiery stairs. No firemen, I think, could have done it; the only chance was for somebody who knew every corner, every twist and turn. After a long time had elapsed, during which we were sure that the rescuer had tripped and fallen and died on the stairs, we saw two faces at the window. And the second face was—Yellow!

The flames were close behind them now, and we knew that Yellow could not retreat with Joe and come down by the stairs. He had no rope, no way to climb down. The fire escape was wreathed in flames below him, and we knew that it must be red hot. All kinds of things were shouted to Yellow—I don't believe he heard any of them.

He made little Joe clasp his hands behind his own neck, like a drowning man being rescued by a swimmer. Little Joe must have clasped strongly, for in another second he was swinging from Yellow's neck, and Yellow was gripping the window sill between his knees and reaching far forward to grasp the rain pipe that led down at the corner of the building. It was a long reach, but he just made it.

Then, hand under hand, with little Joe's weight threatening every moment to tear him loose, Yellow came slowly down that rain pipe, into a sheet of flame! It was one of those things that cannot be done, but he did it. The rain pipe tore loose from the wall, when he still had twenty feet to go, and carried him out in a great curve away from the blazing wall. And that saved him. He hit the ground with a thump that knocked him unconscious, and his clothes were all charred and burned. Little Joe was not hurt at all; he had fallen on top of Yellow, and except for the fright he was as good as new.

We all went home in the morning. Yellow stayed behind, in Doctor Driggs' house. He was swathed from head to foot in bandages, so that he looked like a mummy, and was entirely unable to move. But he could hear. He heard the cheer we gave him when the busses came, and we all went away. Nobody was ever so badly hurt that he couldn't have heard that cheer!

Maybe a man can be timid about little things, and still be a hero when the big chance comes.

Editor's Note:—This is the second of our Junior Fiction Contest stories, open to all boys and girls everywhere. The contest began on December 30, 1926, and will continue until April 15, 1927. While it is in progress, stories of particular excellence will be bought at regular rates and published in *The Youth's Companion*. These stories, as well as those which are not published, will remain eligible for the three prizes of \$500, \$200 and \$100 respectively.

A complete statement of the conditions, and the names of the three Judges, appeared in our issue of December 30, 1926. Competitors are reminded that stories must be typewritten and certified as original by the parent, teacher, minister or family physician. It is needless to add that the age and full address of the contestant should be given. Stories may be of any desired length between 1500 and 4000 words, and any competitor may send more than one story. In next week's issue will appear "Two Shillin'" by Don Emery (16).



If there was one fellow we didn't notice and didn't associate with, that fellow was Yellow

another building, and the dorm is something like an army barracks, if you know what I mean. There are big rooms for the kids, and small ones adjoining them for the masters, and only the first class has individual bedrooms on the top floor. At one end of the top floor is a set of rooms used for an infirmary, with a special staircase of its own.

We were all tired that night, and when the siren hooted, and people began to run and shout in the corridors, it was some time before most of us were awake. The smallest boys, being on the two lower floors, were all taken out safely by the masters. By this time the smoke was thick in our rooms on the upper floors, and the flames were swirling around fiercely in places. Most of us came down by the fire escapes, which was a very easy thing to do. But Yellow hadn't been asleep at all—I think he was lying awake and realizing bitterly what a failure he had been. The last night of school is often a bitter one for a fellow who has not made good. Maybe Yellow was wishing then that some big chance would come for him to show courage after all.

Yellow was certainly, according to all accounts, the first fellow out of bed on our floor. Just one look down the staircase, and out of the window, told him all he needed to know. He ran down the corridor, pounding at all the doors and yelling "Fire!" Then he walked down the stairs, which he could very easily do, as they were not yet in a blaze.

After a while, we were all on the grounds at a safe distance from the building. All of the teachers were herding us there, and keeping us from trying to dash in and save things. It was a fine, warm, cloudy night, and I will never forget the picture that the old "barrack" made as it became a tower of fire from basement to roof. When one end of

follow. It was a most gorgeous sight. Only the north end of the building was standing, and the firemen had come down off its roof, when there suddenly appeared a small, white-clad figure in the center of the last window on the top floor.

All this time, the boys had been kept together in classes, and as soon as the figure was seen the teachers began to call the roll again. Through the roar of the flames, you could hear the boys answering "Here!" to their names.

Suddenly there came a voice: "That's my brother Joe."

It was Jackson—slow, dull-witted Jackson—who suddenly remembered that his little brother had been invited to spend the night at school and had been put into an infirmary room. It seemed incredible that Jackson had forgotten all about it until that moment. But he was the kind that never remembers anything until the last moment, and often not then!

Flames were rolling out of the windows except the last two or three, in which the smoke was beginning to swirl. Little Joe Jackson, only ten years old, stood in the last window. We all saw him clambering out on the window sill.

"Don't jump!" called a stentorian voice—I think it was Doctor Driggs.

Five or six firemen rushed forward with a ladder and tried to put it against the red-hot side of the building. The flames beat them back. Others ran around to the rear, hoping that it would be possible to climb that way. It was evident that the north end of the building would collapse, like the other end, in a few minutes more.

Mr. Robinson, the football coach, ran forward and held out his arms, calling for the boys nearest him to bring a blanket

THE learned professions originally were one. Like the river in the Garden of Eden that divided into four streams, the Ministry, the Law, the Teaching Profession and the Practice of Medicine began together. From them all others have developed. It was a great day of hope for the human race when labor so far divided as to recognize the value of a man set apart from common toil to represent the interest of the community in worship, justice, learning and health.

The fact that superstition mingled with such knowledge as these pioneers gained, and that some of it descended along every stream that flowed from their instruction, does not at all lessen our obligation to the leaders who began what are now our several forms of professional service. The representatives of any one profession nowadays have good reason to speak in terms of respect of all the others.

I want to keep this in mind, and the fear that I should seem not to be doing so must be the only reason I can give for not quoting as my own sentiment the declaration of Horace Bushnell, who said, "I am a minister, because no other vocation would permit me sufficiently to be." A minister may be lazy, timid, weak and immoral, but there is no profession which offers finer opportunity to a man to be industrious, brave, strong and righteous. It is a profession which enables a man to be his own largest and best possible self. Furthermore, it is a profession which gives a man most happy forms of association with his fellow men.

How Well is a Minister Paid?

My father was a physician, and I honor his calling. I studied law, and I respect that profession. But the doctor sees men and women when they are sick, despondent, discouraged and hopeless, and the lawyer sees them when they are quarrelsome and ungracious. The minister sees men and women mainly at their best.

Humanity is worth knowing, and no man has a right to demand that he shall know only one aspect of it. But the man is very happy whose habitual contacts with his fellow men are such as to reveal them at their best. It is indeed the physician's function, finding men sick, often to leave them recovering and to feel assured that he has contributed toward that result. It is the lawyer's opportunity so to establish justice as to render men more law-abiding and unselfish. From such experiences the minister is not shut out. He, too, sees humanity sometimes at its worst; and it is his high privilege now and then to find men in despair and show them the way of hope; to find them selfish and sinful and show them the path of purity, forgiveness and peace. But, taking his work day by day, the minister sees more people at their best and highest than do the men in any other profession.

This, then, is a double reason why I chose and would choose again the ministry; it permits the minister to be as good and as great a man as is in him to be, and it affords him the very best of human companionships.

The ministry offers a man the friendship of good books. He has opportunity to build a library and to use it. He has freedom for wide reading, not simply of books that help him directly to prepare sermons but of those that yield the fruits of rich culture.

Furthermore, the ministry promises a man long life, so far as any occupation can afford that promise. Only one class of men live longer than ministers, and that is gardeners. A farmer is liable to certain accidents in heavy work and the use of farm machinery and the handling of animals which the gardener escapes; and the gardener can get inside when it rains, which the owner of a large farm may not be able to do; so gardeners live much longer than farmers. But next to gardeners ministers are the longest-lived men in modern American life. The reasons, I think, are fairly obvious. If a man wants to see before him an attractive vista of length-

The Choice of a Profession

I. The Ministry

By THE REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D.

HALF a century ago, the son of a country doctor in Illinois chose the profession he wanted to follow in life. He has won the highest honors which the ministry holds, having been Moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches and President of the Chicago Theological Seminary; and he has directed the affairs of such large enterprises as Berea College and the American Missionary Society. Four colleges have given him degrees.

But many people will pass over all this, and will be struck by the fact that this distinguished preacher and minister has earned from his profession only about \$800 a year for forty years. Sometimes he has been paid more, sometimes less.

But there are more things about the choice of a calling than the money you can get from it. Doctor Barton says in this article that he would make the same choice over again, if he were a boy today. He gives his reasons. Several of them, if you have a superficial attitude toward money, may hit you between the eyes.—THE EDITOR



"My own experience in the ministry began in a home missionary parish in the Tennessee mountains. I rode on horseback through the woods and preached in log schoolhouses and cabins and forded swollen streams"

ening years, with congenial and diversified occupation, there is nothing that offers so much to him as does the ministry.

I go still further, and say that a minister is about as sure of getting a living as almost any other man in modern life. I do not mean that he has as good an opportunity of getting rich; but he is not likely to be abjectly poor. I have asked a number of superintendents of almshouses, "What would you set me to doing if I should come here as an inmate?" They answer: "We never have ministers here. They go to jail sometimes, to the insane asylum now and then, but to the poorhouse, never."

Crackers and Milk

For forty years I have been in the ministry. I began with a salary of \$800 a year, and have sometimes had more than that and sometimes less; but I have never gone hungry. Within two weeks I have eaten at the table of a millionaire, and I ate the entire bill of fare with keen relish while he ate graham crackers and milk, all the doctor would let him eat. I wear as comfortable clothes as he does, and sleep in as comfortable a bed, and have more joy in life. I do not despise the advantages that this tired man's wealth gives him, and I should not be sorry if I had a little of it; but, balancing all that he has gotten out of the last forty years and all that I have gotten out of the same period, I am a richer man than he, in all the

with them, who were doing heroic things in their communities. They were men of vision and courage and faith. They were not narrow, bigoted sectarians, but strong, alert men, who walked with a virile stride, and remembered that they were men before they were ministers.

Here I should like to say a word about the stage parson. I am not often at liberty to attend the theater, but I go now and then. Not long ago I saw a play in which a minister appeared as a cringing, fawning hypocrite. I notice that John Drinkwater, in his last and most rapid play, "Robert Burns" has not been content that "Holy Willie" should remain a layman, which he was in life, and as Burns portrayed him, but has insisted that so contemptible a hypocrite must have been a minister. For that ill deed neither clergy nor laity owe Mr. Drinkwater any thanks.

On the other hand, I went recently to see an innocent and entertaining play entitled "Abie's Irish Rose." It was not a strain upon my intellect, and I liked it for many reasons.

One of the reasons was that in it were a Roman Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi, and both of them were honest, capable, sensible men who, facing a problem that involved the lives of people in which each had a legitimate interest, met the situation honestly and generously, as I think a priest and a rabbi would have been very likely to do. They were introduced, not with apology or as propaganda, but as men whose profession would have brought them normally into the plot, and who met the situation worthily. That is the way they should be represented. I think it is time for a demand that the Protestant ministry should be represented on the stage equally well. There are unworthy ministers, unworthy rabbis and unworthy priests, and they deserve no mercy if they disgrace their calling and profession. But these are the exception, and the others deserve equal and just treatment at the hands of those who portray them in literature and on the stage.

A Minister's Children

My seventh reason for choosing the ministry as a profession may not seem to have much present meaning to the average reader of this article. But wait till you grow up and marry. The minister is more fortunate in his children than is the representative of any other profession. No one of us lives indefinitely. Happy is the man who has a foretaste of immortality in a worthy posterity. All the worldly success a man can have will be gall and wormwood if his son is a fool. Now, the children of ministers are just as human as other boys and girls, and some of them go wrong; but no children in America average so well as the children of ministers. The time will come when a man has less satisfaction in his own accomplishments than he has in the hope of his offspring. The children of a minister are more likely to be successful and useful than the children who go out into the world from any other American home.

Time for Hobbies

Besides his vocation, every man should have his avocation. No calling offers so many or such attractive sidelines of interest as the ministry. If a minister is a geologist or a botanist or a lover of bees or of poultry or of astronomy or of photography, he can pursue his interest not only without interfering with his professional duties but with genuine advantage to them. If perchance he loves the classics, or has a taste in good old books, or in music or art, or cares to investigate some obscure line of historic research, he will find an opportunity in the ministry which some professions would deny him.

If, perchance, he has some little skill in writing, he can utilize that gift to its full and strengthen his ministry continuously by so doing. If it should happen that he writes something that editors are willing to pay for, and he forms the habit of depositing the checks for his literary work in a separate bank and laying them aside for the education of his children or for provision for his old

satisfying qualities of life. He is as good a man as I am, but my prospect for health and happiness in years to come is better than his, and he is not likely to have more to eat than I or to be so well able to eat it.

I should like to say also that the ministry offers a man the opportunity of an heroic life. I have an impression that this is not the way in which some men regard it. But I look back over the men I have known in the ministry, and they have been in the main a noble, manly crowd. Not long ago I attended a religious convention lasting through three days. On one evening the ministers dined by themselves, the dinner being served in the basement of a near-by church. It was a hot afternoon, and we had come out from one meeting and were soon to go to another. Being there by ourselves, some one proposed that all the men should remove their coats and be comfortable.

Stage Parsons

I had opportunity to see those men, two hundred and fifty in number, stripped down to shirt and trousers, and they were a fine, athletic group. A baseball tossed into any part of the room would not have touched the floor, and we could have made up two football teams and two baseball teams from men who had won their varsity letters in college, and still have had men left over for one or two scrub nines and elevens.

These were men, as I learned in talking

age, that, too, is something not wholly unpleasant to contemplate.

"How do you find time to do both?" There is no "both" about it; I make one hand wash the other. As to time, I think the average man in almost any profession could do twice as much work as he gets done, and do it better and with less mental wear and tear, if he knew how. I have about two simple rules: Get the hard thing done first; and drive the work and do not let it drive you. That is one way to do two men's work for forty continuous years and never have a break down, and to be in rugged health. A minister has a better chance of doing that than almost any other man, if he knows how.

The Glory of Eloquence

I commend the ministry because the pulpit is the throne of eloquence. The orator has no chisel or brush, no block of marble or canvas; just the human voice and the human ear, and the soul behind each. And then the miracle! One set of organs, the lips and tongue, agitate the air, and a wholly dif-

ferent set of organs in other people's ears are affected by those atmospheric vibrations. And then, in a way that stirs the imagination, those vibrations are conveyed to the brain in a manner that reproduces thought, emotion, volition.

Eloquence is disappearing from the courtroom and the stump, but it still has a place in the pulpit. Happy is the man who has the divine afflatus and can move the souls of other men by well-chosen words that burn with his own noble passion.

The church is the only institution that addresses men as spiritual beings. High is the privilege of the man who on Sunday may lead the willing and expectant minds of a score or a hundred or a thousand such to higher levels of thought and affection and resolve than those they cherished when they came.

The Chance to Help

The ministry permits a man sufficiently to be. It enables him to be the friend and advisor and comforter and shepherd of young and old; to be with people in the hours

of highest joy and deepest sorrow; to share with them the wedding feast and to wipe away their tears; to bring hope to the disheartened and comfort to the sorrowing, and to renew men's faith in God and each other. What other profession offers so varied and so rewarding a life?

The ministry is no place for the slacker or the shirk, the coward or the timeserver. It is a place for honest and heroic men, for educated and earnest men, for consecrated and spiritually-minded men.

My own experience in the ministry began in a home missionary parish in the Tennessee mountains. I rode on horseback through the woods, and preached in log schoolhouses and cabins, and forded swollen streams. I remember those days with joy, and I was happy at the time. Then came a little village church in Ohio, and then a larger one in the same state, both good, and both happily remembered. Then for six years I occupied a prominent pulpit in Boston, which was a rich experience. And now, for a full quarter-century, I have been back

near to my birthplace, in a large church in Chicago. When I say that mine has been a happy life, I do not wish it to be understood that I am happy in having had a series of promotions from smaller to larger churches; I have had that, and it was right that I should have had it. But I was happy in each and all of them and remember them all with satisfaction. Any one of them offers a man a rewarding life. Whether the church be large or small, the salary generous or meager, I commend the ministry as a noble and enjoyable profession and a high spiritual calling.

Editor's Note.—This is the first of a series of articles by national leaders in all walks of life upon "The Choice of a Profession." It is hoped that the series will prove helpful to young men and women of The Youth's Companion, who are approaching the time when they must choose their life work. These articles will appear in the last issue of each month from now on. The next one, which will appear in the February 24 issue, will be by Mr. George W. Norris, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, upon "Banking as a Career."

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 3

Synopsis of preceding chapters: One day in spring three boys, known by the nicknames of "Crab," "Shiner," and "Peeler," decide to organize a company for trading and selling miscellaneous articles. Crab is elected president and Shiner treasurer. They open a small store, where they serve soft drinks and market their wares. They take in Shiner's sister, Marjorie, as a partner. Just as they face failure, a quaint old spinster, Miss Abigail Safford, appears on the scene and gives the proprietors valuable advice and assistance. The store now begins to do a flourishing business. All of a sudden the boys realize that school will begin again soon. What will happen to the company? Miss Abigail offers to take charge of the store during school hours, and is at once elected to the firm as a fifth partner.

MISS ABIGAIL'S appearance behind the counter in the little store was a great surprise to the town, but it was not half as much a surprise as the change that came in Miss Abigail. She had been a very lonely person and had always felt that the townspeople laughed at her peculiarities. The little store brought her into contact with more people, and Miss Abigail was happier than she had ever been before and for this reason much more agreeable. Women who had never known her before became daily visitors and always enjoyed her shrewd humor and wise comments.

The boys helped her out after school hours, bringing in the necessary wood and coal, keeping the little path to the door free from snow, and doing all the heavy work. Aside from the daily newspapers and occasional small purchases there was little business, and Miss Abigail had plenty of time to rearrange and improve the store.

One afternoon she asked Marjorie and the boys to come to her house that night for supper. It had been a long time since anyone had ever visited Miss Abigail in her home, and some of the boys had never been inside of it. They consequently went with a great deal of curiosity and some forebodings, but they found Miss Abigail a gracious hostess and were surprised to see her house full of lovely old things, scrupulously clean and tastefully arranged.

After supper Miss Abigail said: "I think we'd better have a business meeting and discuss our plans for the future. I have asked Crab's father to come down to help us on some points, and I have asked Shiner to bring with him all our books of account."

Shiner proudly produced his books, which were a model of neatness and accuracy, and they all gathered in Miss Abigail's parlor, awaiting the arrival of Crab's father.

He came in presently, and after greeting him Miss Abigail said: "Now we want to have this all very businesslike, and we must first have our president call the meeting to order; and I think it would be a good plan to have our treasurer make his report."

SHINER, bursting with importance, spread his papers all out on the parlor table before him. His report was most satisfactory. The little store did not owe a penny to anyone, and while its stock was small it was ample for the winter months, and they had put away in the local bank a surprising surplus of over two hundred and fifty dollars. As Shiner made this report the boys' faces were wreathed in smiles.

"Now," said Miss Abigail, "I think we should all be satisfied with the treasurer's report, and I should like to have our lawyer

now tell us what he thinks we should do."

Crab's father had learned to take this whole matter very seriously, and he adopted his most professional manner as he picked up Shiner's report and adjusted his eyeglasses.

"In the first place," he said, "the most important question is whether the Universal Trading Company is going to continue in business or not. I presume that your plan is to do so. If you are, you have some real property now; your bank balance is over two hundred and fifty dollars, and this very complete inventory of Shiner's, showing all your stock on hand, amounts to nearly another hundred dollars.

"None of you boys is of legal age, and it would be a complicated thing to organize the company for you. I think the best plan is for you to turn this whole business over to Miss Abigail and let it stand in her name, and she can pay you boys for such services as you render. In this way, you will get a share of the income and a good many difficulties will be avoided."

These suggestions and many others were talked over, with the result that an arrangement was made by which Miss Abigail became the owner and proprietor of the Trading Company, and she, in turn, made arrangements with Marjorie and the boys to help her.

The Universal Trading Company

By MACGREGOR JENKINS

Illustrated by DUDLEY SUMMERS



Nothing could be done to save the building, and while the crowd stood helpless in the snow the frail roof crashed in and the flames mounted to the sky

While Crab and Peeler had been much interested in the venture, they really did not care about it as much as Shiner did, and so they suggested that they give up any connection with the store except for such small matters as Miss Abigail might want them to do, and that she and Shiner should go on with it.

It took several days to work out all the details, but in the end Peeler and Crab were paid a fair price for their interest in the undertaking, and Miss Abigail engaged Shiner to do her buying for her and to keep the books and Marjorie to help her in the store.

Now that Miss Abigail was fully embarked on a business career, she used the shrewd common sense which had always helped her. The owner of the little building which the store had occupied had given the boys the use of it free. Miss Abigail now leased it and paid a regular yearly rental. In addition to this, she saw that the stock which they had on hand was insured for a proper amount. Under the new arrangements the Universal Trading Company became an actual business enterprise on a very small scale.

While he was sorry to lose his partners, Shiner was thrilled by the developments.

SOME days later, Miss Abigail and Shiner were in the store together. They fell to talking over the past summer, and Shiner pointed out to her what he thought their mistakes had been.

"Our idea," he said, "of a trading store was wrong. The days of barter are past, and, of course, we must give that all up. We were also wrong in trying to make it a boys' store; we must make it a store for everyone. Marjorie's experiment last summer showed us that more and more people are passing through the town and can be turned into purchasers if we have what they want."

Miss Abigail's eyes snapped, and she said: "You are perfectly right, Shiner, and that reminds me of a plan I have. Next summer a great many people will be going through here in automobiles, and I have heard that even now there are many inquiries in regard to old-fashioned china and furniture which the people in the cities are all anxious to buy. I have been collecting these things for a great many years; I have much more than I need, and in the spring I think we should give up all but the most attractive of the small things we carry. We will give up everything that people can buy at the other stores, and we will sell small and attractive gifts, and we will gather all the really good old china and furniture in the neighborhood and have it for sale."

Marjorie had listened with intense interest to this conversation.

"I learned last summer," she said, "that a great many of the people who go through the town are thirsty and hungry, and I think if we serve nice little lunches we can attract a great many people."

To think of a thing was to do it with Miss Abigail, and in a short time she began to scour the country, when the weather and going permitted, and bought everything she could find that seemed attractive. She stored them in her house, and many long winter evenings were spent by the boys under her direction in repairing and cleaning the furniture, until they had a great many very lovely things all ready for the spring.

THE Christmas holidays came with their activities, and the work at Miss Abigail's was given up for a time. One night a group

of boys and girls were coming home from a party, and as they passed the store Shiner's attention was attracted by a peculiar light in one of the little windows. He rushed across the street and peered in. The whole inside of the little store was a mass of flame; something had gone wrong with the stove, and it had set fire to the dry woodwork near it.

Peeler unlocked the door and opened it, to be met with a rush of flame and smoke which singed his clothes and sent him reeling back into the snowdrifts. Another boy had run to the village to give the alarm, and soon the fire department came laboring through the snow. But it was too late; nothing could be done to save the flimsy building, and while the crowd stood helpless in the snow the frail roof crashed in and the flames mounted to the sky. In a short time all that was left of the Universal Trading Company was a smoldering bed of ashes, and the boys and girls made their way home in great excitement.

Bright and early the next morning Shiner went to Miss Abigail's house. Instead of finding her much depressed and troubled, Shiner was surprised to find her quite calm and businesslike.

"It is very fortunate," she said, "that this loss should fall on me and not on you boys who have worked so hard; and it is also very fortunate that we have all our affairs in businesslike shape. I am sorry for the loss of the building, but that did not belong to us, and it is, I understand, insured by the man who owns it. Our own stock is insured, and we must simply start all over

again, and perhaps we can do all the better. At any rate, all the furniture and things we have collected for next year are safe in my own house, and we can wait until toward spring before deciding just what to do."

Miss Abigail missed her daily attendance on the store, but she was busy with her plans, and she and Shiner had many long business conferences. By spring they had decided to rebuild on a bit of land Miss Abigail owned, because, she said, she wanted to own her own place.

AS soon as winter broke, work was begun, and in a very short time a building, built by the local carpenter and for the most part designed by Miss Abigail, added attractiveness to the village street. It was painted white with green blinds, and Miss Abigail filled window boxes with bright flowers and planted shrubs and flowers about it.

Shiner never had such a good time in his life as he did watching all the business details of the building, paying the bills and buying the necessary equipment. The insurance money and the surplus of the company, with a small sum advanced by Miss Abigail, were enough to complete the building, and when all their goods were moved from Miss Abigail's it was a very interesting and attractive place.

On the first of June it was formally opened, and all the townspeople were asked to come to tea. They sat at tiny green tables under the apple trees while Marjorie served Miss Abigail's most delicious tea and cakes and tiny sandwiches. However, one change

must here be noted: they did not see on the front of the building the familiar sign of the Universal Trading Company. This had served its purpose and was now in ashes. In its place a hanging sign swayed from one corner of the house, upon which against a blue background appeared a pair of white pouter pigeons and below in graceful lettering the words, "Pouter Pigeon Tea and Gift Shop."

After the fire Shiner spent a few days of his Christmas vacation with friends in the city, and he could not resist the temptation to visit the stores from which he had been buying to look over their stock.

In one of the largest of them he was told that the manager wanted to see him. Much amazed and somewhat embarrassed, Shiner made his way to the office.

"I have been wanting to see you for some time," said the manager. "You have been in here several times, and your visits have been reported to me. I am told that you know how to buy. I became interested, and last summer I had a chance to visit your store, though you did not know who I was. I liked the looks of things, and I made up my mind then that, if you ever wanted to come to the city to learn to be a merchant, I should like to give you a chance."

"That is very kind of you," said Shiner, "but I do not quite know what I am going to do. I finish school next summer, and I do not know whether to go into business or to keep on and go to college. My father says I can do just as I choose, and he has left the decision with me. I should like to think this over, and I will let you know."

"All right," the manager said. "Do exactly as you think best and be guided by your father's advice; but if you decide to go into business, let me know, and I will make a place for you."

After his return home Shiner talked this surprising suggestion over with his father, and he finally decided that it was too good a chance to miss. He hated to tell Miss Abigail that he was going to desert her, but when he did he found her most enthusiastic and in hearty approval of his plan.

With the close of school the tea room was in full swing, Marjorie doing most of the work, but Miss Abigail always flitting about in the background full of business, eagerness, and enthusiasm. With the coming fall Peeler and Crab went to college and Shiner started off to seek his fortune in the great city.

THIS was all many years ago, but the "Pouter Pigeon Tea and Gift Shop," its sign a little weather-beaten, is still going on. Marjorie has two or three assistants, and Miss Abigail, less active than she was, sits through the day under the apple trees busy with a book or with her knitting.

In the neighboring city a young man sits at a desk behind a door upon which is painted in large letters, "Assistant Purchasing Agent." On his desk before him are two tiny photographs, one of a little building with a huge sign which can easily be read, "The Universal Trading Company," and beside it is another of a trim little building, bright with flowers and vines, with a little sign with two white pigeons on it.

THE END.

IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 6

BEATRIX carried home Amy's letter from the office. The day had been hot and sultry, New York in August at its very worst, and even now there was no relief from the heat; it seemed to rise from the soft asphalt of West Sixty-eighth Street, far below, and surge in at the open windows with an oppressive, stifling breath.

Unexpectedly, Beatrix found Mrs. Erskine sitting beside the library table, fanning herself with a folded newspaper. She looked worn out, almost ill.

"It's been an awful day, Beatrix!" she observed as with a great effort. "The worst this summer!"

"Awful," echoed Beatrix, tossing her hat upon the table. She might have pitied Mrs. Erskine, had she herself not felt so weary and exhausted.

"Are you going anywhere this evening, Beatrix?"

"No!" Beatrix spoke impatiently, as if the question were absurd.

"I thought we might dine on the roof at Delmonico's; I wanted to tell you that I have left Modes."

But Beatrix shook her head. Her nerves were on edge. Aside from the heat, it had been a day of vexations. A new console phonograph ordered for the Model Home had not arrived on time for display. The Governor's wife, who was to have visited the house with a party of friends, had called up at the last minute to say she could not keep the appointment. Beatrix's secretary had taken sick at noon and had had to go home, and all afternoon Beatrix had been obliged to dictate to a girl who kept asking her to repeat. There had been other annoyances, fraying her temper; and then, just as she was leaving the office, Howard Martyn had suggested going to the theatre that evening. She had refused him with more abruptness than she had intended, at the same time—unreasonably enough—feeling annoyed with him because he appeared so fresh and cheerful, so cool in his light clothes, as if the heat and humidity in which all New York was sweltering had no effect on him whatsoever.

She took Amy's letter out of her hand bag and sat down with it beside one of the windows. She remained for perhaps a minute with the letter upon her lap, as if too weary even to read it again. It seemed she could still hear the clatter and roar of traffic on Fifth Avenue, the vexatious pounding and clicking of the office typewriters, the shrill, ear-piercing ringing of the telephones, and the shuffling feet of the weary clerks going their rounds. In spite of her cultivated poise Beatrix felt like crying; it was not the first time her nerves had threatened to get the better of her. She fought the mood off and lifted the letter.

"Dearest Bee," it began, "I have something I must tell you—something I've never

confided to anybody in the whole world—"

Beatrix continued to read with an increasing interest that seemed to lift her out of herself, causing her to forget her bodily weariness and the oppressive heat. The letter covered four full pages and was written in Amy's neat, precise hand. She spoke briefly of the father and the boys and of Aunt Hattie, who had just arrived for a short visit; but for the most part the letter

was devoted to a young man of about her own age, Tom Taylor, who lived at the far end of town. He had taken supper with them again that evening, and then he and Amy had gone to an amateur theatrical that the church was holding. Did Bee remember him? He had grown very good-looking, and he was now working in the bank—doing exceedingly well too. It seemed odd to think of Tom Taylor in a bank; he had always

The Home Girl

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN



Beatrix sat down before her mirror and stared for a long time at the reflection of herself in the glass

wanted to become a railway engineer. Did Bee remember how as children they had all played "locomotive" on Tommy's express wagon?

Beatrix guessed the truth before she was halfway through the letter. Amy was in love.

"Bee, dear," she said toward the end, "I don't want a career, as you do. Even if I were fitted to do wonderful things in the business world, I don't think I would. I don't think I could! I'm afraid I haven't one little speck of that kind of ambition in me. All I want is to be happy and to help make others happy. Tom has never said one word to me about anything, but I can read his thoughts; sometimes I know exactly what he's thinking—and, Bee, I know his thoughts are just the same as mine. Some day I want a little home of my own, with a good husband who loves me. I know you'll feel like shaking me for having such a commonplace ambition, but it's what I want, and I can't help it. When you come home again, you must meet Tom. I just know you'll like him!" The letter was signed, "Your happy, happy, happy sister, Amy."

BEATRIX stared out of the window. The first stars were gleaming above the roofs across the street, but she did not see them. Her eyes were moist, and something seemed to be gnawing at her heart. The old feeling of disquietude was upon her, but with more power now than ever before. She slumped a little in her chair, fished absently for her handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes.

"Not bad news, I hope?" said Mrs. Erskine gently.

Beatrix scarcely heard her. A strange thing had happened. It was almost as if she were with Amy in that little home, listening to the voices of the children, watching the flames leaping on the hearth and illumining the happy faces of those gathered about the fire—all happy except one. "Aunt Bee, why don't you smile?" "Why don't you laugh and talk, Aunt Bee, the way mother does?" Beatrix suddenly shuddered. For the moment it seemed as if the voices were real!

She straightened abruptly in her chair, and turned with her old sprightliness toward Mrs. Erskine. "Did you speak to me, dear?"

"I said I hoped you hadn't received bad news."

Mrs. Erskine nodded toward the letter, which had fallen to the floor.

"Bad news? No, indeed!" Beatrix tossed her head, and her laugh rippled with a gaiety that sounded sincere. "Just a nice long letter from my sister back in our little one-horse home town."

"So you can dine with me after all?" asked Mrs. Erskine, after a pause.

"Yes, I can't stand being idle, even on a tropical night like this!"

Beatrix entered her bedroom and closed the door. Her hastily assumed light-hearted-

ness fell from her like a cloak, and she sat down before her mirror and stared for a long time at the reflection of herself.

IT was Sunday morning at the home of Philander Boyden. The old house still showed its age, but, thanks to Beatrix, it was no longer shabby. The boards had been scraped and painted; the gingerbread work near the roof had been restored; the roof itself no longer sagged and let in the rain. Prosperity has a magic finger, like the tip of a fairy's wand; and the finger had touched the inside of the house as well as the outside. The rooms were freshly papered; the dark woodwork now shone a cheerful white, and the worn-out furniture had taken on new lustre and a new lease of life.

Amy was in the little flower garden beside the porch, gathering a bouquet of zinnias for the table. With a little pair of blunt-nosed scissors that gleamed in the flood of early morning sunlight she snipped the long stems one after another until she had a dozen or more of the flowers.

There seemed something about the young girl very much like the zinnias she held in her hand. Like them, she had grown naturally into young womanhood, blossoming forth into an enduring beauty of a kind not to be found in large cities. She was now almost as tall as Beatrix, slender without being delicate, full of life and animation. Frequent exposure to the sun had put healthy color into her face, enhancing the blue depths of her eyes, adding lustre to her hair.

The door opened, and Mr. Boyden appeared on the porch. "Well, Amy," he said heartily, "I can hardly say which is the prettier—you or your posies!"

She laughed and handed him the flowers. "Put them in the copper bowl," she said, "while I gather a few petunias." And she returned to the flower bed.

Philander Boyden did not go at once into the house, but remained on the porch, watching his daughter. A warm companionship had grown between him and his younger daughter. There had been times when he felt that the older girl was lost to him altogether, that her habits of life had changed her into a woman he hardly knew or understood. Her manner of thought, her sense of values, her very appearance, on the few occasions when she came home, were things that bewildered him and made him wonder whether, after all, it would not have been better if he had asserted his authority and forbade her to go away. But not a moment of anxiety had he ever had from Amy; she was always herself—loving, kindly, patient and sympathetic, content to live at home and find her pleasure in his pleasure and in the simple facts of life. And here before his eyes was the result of it—a strong and vigorous young woman who had grown like the flowers in his hand, naturally, beautifully, without the artificial atmosphere of the hothouse.

Women the world over make their own figures and faces. Fresh air, sunshine and exercise give the full-rounded lines that the drawing-room and office can never achieve. Sweetness in a woman's face comes not from

calculating chances or from wide knowledge of what is called the world; it is the result of sane living and, above all, sane thinking. And no face is truly beautiful that lacks sweetness. A perfect nose, a perfect mouth, a fine pair of eyes are nothing in themselves; a face through which the soul does not shine like sunlight through the petal of a flower

a familiar figure coming through the gate.

"Good morning, Amy!" cried a laughing voice. "Are you going to church?"

"Why, Tom!" exclaimed Amy, coloring.

"I didn't expect you—"

"Just thought I'd drop over," replied Tom Taylor apologetically. "Had plenty of time, you know."



"Here I am!" cried Amy. "I didn't keep you waiting, did I?" The three of them set off down the road, Amy between the two men

is no more than a mask—without life, without character. The way to true beauty is the natural way, the easy way, yet how many young women refuse to follow it!

Philander Boyden opened the door, paused for another glance at his younger daughter, now kneeling among the petunias, then entered the house.

A few minutes later a church bell began to toll in the direction of the town. Amy rose abruptly, and at that instant she spied

"Come up on the porch and sit down," said Amy. "Father is going along too; we'll be ready in five minutes." And she hurried into the house.

One of the petunias had dropped from her fingers; Tom picked it up, held it to his nose for an instant, then sat down upon the steps and put it into his buttonhole. He was a slight young man in a blue suit and straw hat, with dark laughing eyes and a mouth that seemed always on the point of smiling.

As he waited he whistled a little tune and drummed an accompaniment against the boards with his fingers.

He broke off abruptly and sprang to his feet as Philander Boyden opened the door. He was dressed as usual in dark clothes and wore his black broad-brimmed felt hat.

"Good morning, Thomas," he said with a genial smile. "Fine morning!"

"Yes, Mr. Boyden, just right."

"We might walk," continued Philander Boyden. "There's plenty of time, if Amy doesn't keep us waiting too long—"

"Here I am!" cried Amy, coming out at that moment. "I didn't keep you waiting, did I?" She wore a blue and white flowered dress and a soft straw hat with a bunch of yellow daisies on the side, and in her hand she carried a small hymn book that had been her mother's.

The three of them set off down the road, Amy between the two men. The fields and roadside were bright with buttercups and daisies; the scent of freshly cut grass was in the air, and now and again a robin or a song sparrow poured forth its notes, which mingled pleasantly with the musical peal of the church bells ahead of them.

It seemed to Amy, when they reached the town, that everyone was going to church that bright August morning. As they passed along Main Street, the two men lifted their hats frequently and Amy smiled in acknowledgement of greetings from friends and acquaintances. Entering the little church, they made their way to the Boyden pew and bent their heads in silent prayer.

The preacher chose his text from the Psalms. All through the rest of the service—and for many days thereafter—certain words and phrases remained in the mind of Philander Boyden:

"Rid me and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity . . . that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, that our daughters may be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Cornerstones of the family and of the nation—yes, that is what daughters were! Mr. Boyden's mind dwelt for some time on the metaphor; then his thoughts turned to his own daughters. Amy of course was everything a father could desire, well fitted to carry on the essential tasks of life; but Beatrix with her fierce-burning ambitions—what was to become of her? Surely she was like those strange children, "whose mouth speaketh vanity." Already she was strange to him. He did not know his daughter who in outward appearance so much resembled himself; he felt that he never should know her as in the days before she went away, that with the years a gulf was widening between them—she on one side in a world that he did not understand or sympathize with, he on the other with his own people.

But when Mr. Boyden and Amy were sitting with the two boys, Ralph and Bob, at the supper table, a day letter came from Beatrix. "Arrive tomorrow for a long visit," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"OH, if only human beings had developed on the boa-constrictor plan and had to be fed but once a month, instead of three times a day, what a blessing it would be to women-folks!" Cousin Ellen exclaimed that morning.

"And why couldn't they have been?" she cried, turning suddenly from a pile of dirty dishes. "Why couldn't they have been made just as well that way and saved us all this daily cooking, setting tables and washing dishes? That's what breaks a girl's heart—and to know it must go on all one's life with no escape!"

"But, Nell," Theodora rejoined, laughing, "don't you think it would be rather awful to be a boa-constrictor, twenty feet long, perhaps, crawling up and down stairs and all over the house—and perhaps swallowing each other by mistake once in a while?"

"No, I don't!" Nell replied with energy. "I would rather be swallowed and done with it than to face this tableful of dirty dishes three times a day!"

"Child," Grandmother Ruth interposed, coming hastily from the pantry, "how did such wild thoughts ever come to enter your mind?"

Nell did not say so, but she doubtless was thinking of Anita and her boa-constrictor.

Anita was a show girl who came around

Anita's Pet

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by HAROLD SICHEL

with a traveling menagerie and circus every summer for several years, exhibiting her courage and skill in handling a large boa-constrictor, allowing the reptile to coil lazily around her body and rear its head above her own. That was Anita's way of gaining an honest livelihood, not worse than many another.

STRICTLY speaking, Anita was a side-show, not a part of the main show. She had a little tent all by herself, as did several other special features that traveled with the main show. We had to pay ten cents extra to see her performance; but it was worth the money. So also was Anita, herself, who did not look to be more than sixteen or seventeen, and who, although swarthy, possessed a pretty face and an engaging smile. We boys of our old home town thought her attractive; but I believe the girls declared she was a horrid creature: girls are queer about some things. It was mostly boys who went in to see Anita.

When enough people had paid the entrance fee and entered the tent to make it worth while to give an exhibition, Anita would tug that great boa-constrictor from under the blanket beside his big traveling box, hoist him up, kiss his head (we all thought that was going rather too far!) and let him begin to coil round her. It was evident that she was careful not to allow him to wind clean round her neck or to get two coils about her body. Once, it was reported, the reptile got round twice and began to tighten his folds so that Anita had to scream for help from the other circus people. But we never witnessed anything like that, for as fast as the reptile attempted that second turn Anita carelessly turned him back.

All the while she was telling us about him, giving her little hourly lecture, in her low, girlish voice with a slight foreign accent.

"This is Bombo, I love Bombo, and Bombo loves me. Bombo's home was in the forest of Brazil. But my people captured him when he was only five feet in length, and he

has been my pet ever since I was eight years old. He loves me so dearly that I suppose he would swallow me if he could, for that is Bombo's way of expressing his affection; but, dearly as I love him, I am not quite ready for that!" At which little joke Anita treated us to a dazzling smile; and we all smiled back. Whereupon she resumed:

"In winter, when we are not moving about, Bombo eats but once a month; but when we are traveling, once in two weeks. Then we buy a little dog for him, or perhaps a brace of rabbits, or some chickens, which Bombo swallows at a mouthful. I never permit the public to see this, for Bombo gets dreadfully excited, and he is not a pretty sight at such times."

"Bombo is now fourteen feet long and weighs three hundred pounds. He is a jiboya, or tree boa, and if he is well fed will grow to be thirty feet long and live to be a hundred years old. Now that is all I have to tell you of Bombo. Thank you kindly, and when you go out please tell all your friends to come to see Bombo and me."

Not a few of the boys entered Anita's tent to hear her talk; and by the second or third year that she came to our place with the circus we began to claim acquaintance and say, "Hullo, Anita. Glad to see you again. How's Bombo?" At which she would regard us for a moment, then display that dazzling smile and reply.

"Oh, yes, I know you! You come see me long time!"

Once when Addison asked her if she were a Brazilian girl she answered, "Yess. I from Brazil. My father he was equerry to the old Emperor Dom Pedro."

She spoke English quite well, but I cannot pretend to imitate her queer, fascinating little accent or the (to us) delightful way she pronounced certain words. Although she traveled with a circus, I am still inclined to believe that Anita was rather a nice little girl. The rest of the circus people appeared to think so, for once when some youngsters came out of the tent laughing loudly one of the circus company rebuked them, saying:

"Don't you young Jakes get fresh with little Anita! Anita's a good girl."

Then came a time when Anita left the circus and exhibited Bombo at county fairs awhile; but afterwards we learned that she had returned to the circus; and presently something occurred of which we did not hear until long afterwards.

It seems that the troupe was journeying by rail from the town of Lewiston, Maine, up the line of the Canadian railway (then known as the Grand Trunk) which extends northward through our old home county. Owing to an error in signals by night, in the wooded region north of Gorham and Berlin Falls, two of the cars conveying menagerie cages left the rails and rolled down an embankment. Several cages were broken open. A sun bear from Java escaped into the woods and was only retaken after an extended chase on the part of the keepers.

The box containing Anita's Bombo was also precipitated from the shattered car; and when this was discovered next morning it was also found that the habitually inert Bombo had been roused by the disaster and had crawled away. Neither the circus people nor the railroad men were able to find him; and in the end, after litigation, the railway company paid Anita the sum of six hundred dollars as compensation for the loss of her pet. She was said then to have returned home to São Paulo, in Brazil.

No tidings of this accident had reached our quiet neighborhood at the Old Squire's, and perhaps we might never have known about it but for a curious discovery on the part of one of our youthful neighbors, the Murch boys.

WILLIS MURCH was trapping on the head waters of Swift Diamond Stream, and just at dusk, one night, while crossing a grassy marsh where high-bush cranberries grew abundantly he stepped on what he thought was a log—for it was large, round and long; but his weight was no sooner upon it than the supposed log stirred suddenly under foot and then glided rapidly away through the brushwood.

Now Willis knew, or believed he knew, every animal, bird and reptile in our part of the country. But animated logs were something new! It could not possibly be a snake as large as that, he thought. In point of fact, I imagine that Willis was a little superstitious about it. He came down home and, saying nothing to anyone else, requested my cousin Addison to return with him and aid in ascertaining what the thing could be.

"It was as big round as a large stove pipe," he told Addison.

The latter was inclined to laugh at him, but was finally persuaded to accompany Willis back.

They went first to Willis's camp, then proceeded to the marsh where the queer log had lain. They looked it all over by daylight but discovered nothing save a long streak through the grass and the soft, mucky soil beneath it. This they followed for several hundred yards until they reached the firmer ground bordering the marsh and there lost all trace of it.

While searching about, however, the squalling of crows at a distance attracted their attention; as this might indicate that the crows were hectoring an owl or some other predatory creature, the boys set off to reconnoiter. They came to a place in the woods where a number of large rocks lay heaped about close together, overshadowed by two great hemlock trees. Several crows were in the tops of the hemlocks, cawing noisily and apparently peeping down among the rocks. A blue jay, too, had been attracted to the place and was adding its querulous cries to the angry clamoring of the crows; and as they stood watching, a hare came loping round from the farther side of the rocks, wrinkling its nose and emitting that odd little note hares sometimes make when disturbed.

"It isn't a lucivee," Willis muttered, "or that rabbit would run off. Only a hedgehog, I guess."

"I'll creep up back of that nearest rock and peep round it," he whispered. "You keep a little behind me."

Willis then moved quietly forward a step at a time. The hare scuttled away; but in among the rocks they could now hear low rustling and scraping noises and also sounds as of an animal gasping for breath!

GAINING the nearest rock, Willis placed one hand against it and peered cautiously round, then stood gazing so long, in

hog, in its folds and crushed it to a limp, shapeless mass; and as they stood regarding it the folds relaxed, the monster straightened and, turning with gaping jaws, started to swallow its prey. Instinctively both boys drew back.

"What kind of an awful snake d'ye suppose that is?" Willis questioned in an awed whisper. "And where did he come from?"

The sight of it had bewildered Addison even more than Willis. He couldn't understand it at all. At length he said, "Shall we shoot it?"

"We ought to," was Willis's reply. "I'd

rose suddenly as high as the rocks, and with a prodigious flop of its entire body it went over the top of them. At first the boys thought it was coming at them, and started to run, but a moment later they saw it gliding off at a great rate through the dry leaves, its head well up off the ground, the hedgehog still in its jaws.

Thereupon they recovered courage and gave chase, following it for as much as a quarter of a mile till they came to thick alders beside a brook. Here they lost sight of it for some time, fearing to venture very near. At last Addison sighted it in the brook bed and fired.

THIS second shot threw the reptile into a tremendous flurry of excitement. It tumbled along the brook for a considerable distance, then flopped out and disappeared in a thicket of cedar, where again it was lost to sight. It still held fast to that hedgehog, loath, the boys thought, to relinquish its victim; but, as they learned afterwards, these large reptiles, owing to the conformation of their jaws and the dagger form of their teeth, are unable to reject prey after it has once become engaged in their gullets. It must be swallowed at once, or it may stick there for days at a time.

The boys dared not enter the thicket, but reconnoitered from all sides for a while, meantime reloading their guns. They finally flung stones among the cedars, when immediately the big reptile dashed forth and, as it chanced, glided in their direction. They retreated in great haste. The snake followed as far as the brook bank, but whether it was actually pursuing them is doubtful. It wriggled in among the alders again, and, seeing that it was quiet, Addison approached and fired, aiming at the largest portion of its body. With another flurry it splashed into the brook.

They believed that this last shot must have broken its backbone, and, procuring poles, they drew near and poked at it. To their astonishment it rose and unexpectedly came toward them so fast that they retired with exceeding celerity to a considerable distance. It was then discovered that their supposed pursuer was moving off in another direction. Thereupon they resumed the chase. The reptile still bore the hedgehog and now moved rather slowly. Improving a chance while its body was sliding over a fallen tree trunk, Willis fired a fourth charge into it.

This latter shot appeared largely to paralyze its movements; and, closing in with their poles, they at last thrashed the creature to death, though it squirmed and wriggled for a long time.

Addison stated that the serpent was fully fourteen feet long, and that its body at the thickest portion was as large as the stove pipe in our home kitchen at the old farm. Along the back, the color was a dull brown, shading into yellowish white underneath.

How that huge snake came to be roaming at large in the northern wilderness remained a mystery for some time—until we chanced to hear of the loss of Bombo.

The distance across country from the scene of the railway accident to the place where Willis and Addison had battled with the reptile was less than ten miles. Its size, color and behavior tallied well with our recollections of Bombo; and there was very little doubt that the boys had inadvertently destroyed Anita's pet.

ANITA had said that this serpent was a jiboya, or tree boa; but some of our naturalist friends later expressed the belief that it was a water boa, which grows to even larger size than the jiboya. Both these Brazilian serpents are boa-constrictors.

When Willis learned that the railway company had paid six hundred dollars damages for the loss of Bombo, he was deeply chagrined that he had not attempted to capture the creature. Addison and he were agreed that this feat might have been accomplished without great difficulty, by using a long rope attached to a tree and throwing a slip noose of the free end over the snake's head while it was in the act of swallowing the hedgehog.

Rumor that a large serpent had been seen in this locality probably went abroad, and some six months later an agent of the railway company appeared at the Murch farm, making inquiries, wishing to learn if the reptile were still alive. It may have been hoped to restore Bombo to his mistress and recover the sum paid in damages.

As the reptile was becoming much too large for Anita to handle, she was doubtless quite as well off without it.



Anita was careful not to let him wind clean round her neck or to get two coils round her body. "This is Bombo, and I love Bombo, and Bombo loves me," she would say

such an amazed silence, that Addison grew impatient and whispered, "What is it?" But Willis seemed speechless. He had let the muzzle of his gun droop and stood as if wonder-struck. Addison nudged him; but still he stared. Whereupon Addison advanced and looked past him to see for himself; and it is safe to say that he was quite as much astonished as Willis.

Back among the rocks was a great writhing mass of dark-brown and yellowish coils which, if seen at the present day, might be compared to several large automobile tires, interlocked.

It was an enormous snake, such a serpent as Maine never produced, or any other locality north of the tropics. It had enveloped a small animal, a hare or a hedge-

hog, in its folds and crushed it to a limp, shapeless mass; and as they stood regarding it the folds relaxed, the monster straightened and, turning with gaping jaws, started to swallow its prey. Instinctively both boys drew back.

The reptile appeared fully occupied with its efforts to swallow its victim, making curious, forward darts or dives of its head. One of the animal's feet protruded from the side of its mouth; and they now decided it was a hedgehog.

"This is a good time to shoot," Willis whispered. "I'm going to fire. Now you be ready." He stole forward to the rock again and from a distance of thirty feet, perhaps, discharged the load of buckshot in his gun, aiming at the snake's neck.

The reptile's head, hedgehog and all,

Why I Like The Youth's Companion

A Contest that Interests Everybody

ON December 16 we announced that \$20.00 in gold would be awarded for the best letter, not longer than 350 words, stating why a Youth's Companion reader likes The Companion; for the next-best letter, \$10.00 in gold; and for the third-best letter, \$5.00 in gold.

We had no idea that this contest would arouse such general interest among all our readers in every part of the country. Young and old alike have responded with enthusiasm, telling

clearly and briefly what they have found in The Companion to be most helpful and most interesting to them.

The contest closes on Monday, January 31, and we are looking forward to a large number of last-minute entries. The prize-winners will be announced at the earliest opportunity.

Address all letters to
The Editor's Secretary
8 Arlington Street
The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Are Ants Civilized?

By LOUIS I. DUBLIN, PH.D.

Illustrated by S. W. HILTON

THERE is only one proper way to learn the interesting truths of animal life, and that is to go to nature directly. Let us therefore take a trip together some bright morning or afternoon to the nests of the ants. We make our way to a sparsely wooded hill where there is plenty of light. Here and there you see a young sapling oak or gum tree; and various grasses and stones are everywhere. The sun sends its rays directly to the ground a few hours each day, keeping the soil warm and fairly dry. Such a spot as this is especially favorable to the life of ants; for nothing provides so much protection and comfort as the underside of large flat stones on a sun-warmed hill.

We soon see running hither and thither on the ground a little black insect about three eighths of an inch long, either alone or accompanied by a few others of its own kind.

After much turning and stopping as if they were uncertain of the road, the ants make their way to a stone and in the twinkling of an eye are lost between it and the ground. You may have trod this very path and observed this spot a hundred times without having once suspected the presence of a large and prosperous ant-nest underneath. If you remove the stone, a thousand animals that a minute before had no fear of impending

Formica fusca which in Latin means the dark ant. Their masters are called *Formica sanguinea* because of their blood-red color.

How Carpenter Ants Feed

The carpenter ants make their abode in fallen logs, the stumps of trees or old rafters; in these they dig out their galleries and chambers. At almost any time in the woods you may see numbers of them hurrying into and out of an old stump. They are brownish black in color, about a half-inch long.

As the drawing shows, they are built on a substantial plan. Their heads are large, and their jaws will bite efficiently if you attempt to intrude on them in their quarters. Near the center of the picture is the large queen; she is the mother of the workers that surround her. The workers are of various sizes. This variation is due to the fact that different groups of ants have adapted them-

certainly helps to increase the strength of the stock.

The feeding of the young falls upon these same nurses. The white wormlike creatures in the drawing are the babies, the so-called larvae. They look a good deal like the maggots of flies, and like them are most voracious in this stage and grow very rapidly. The nurses are always at the service of the young, licking them clean and feeding them by

ging themselves through gallery after gallery, finally enter the main chamber. Here, suspended from the roof, are ants that appear to be of an entirely different stock. Indeed, it is difficult at first sight to take them for ants at all; their heads and chests are lost sight of owing to the extreme swelling of the abdomens, which have become spheres with a diameter equal to the length of the entire body of one of the other workers.

To these living spheres the sap-gatherers make their way and disgorge their rich store into the ever ready gullets. Thus, as the spring advances, the honey sacs become more and more full until each colony is provided with an ample store for the year.

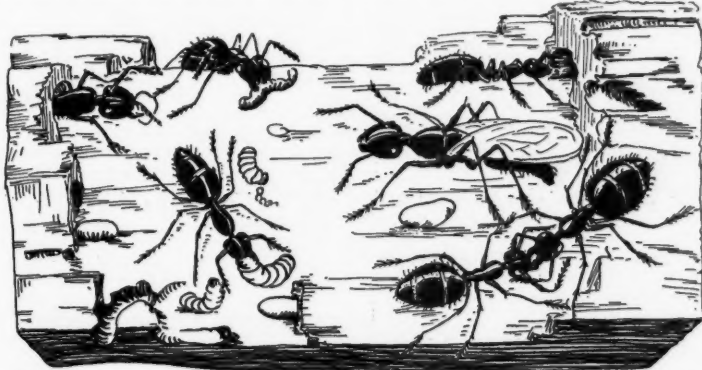
At the approach of the dry season with its lack of food outside the nest, the spheres become the mainstay of the colony. The hungry workers, queen, babies and the rest must depend for their supply entirely upon them. Accordingly, worker after worker will approach the honey-bearer, lock jaws for a short period, and obtain drop by drop the portion of honey by which its life is maintained. The nurses are thus at the constant call of the colony, well stocked reservoirs in the time of need.

The structure of the spheres is interesting. The first of the stomachs, the crop, is much larger than in other ants and has, moreover, a remarkable power of distention. As the honey is collected, the other internal organs are pushed farther and farther back to the rear of the abdomen and the very walls of the body are pressed outward. The highly colored horny plates, which in overlapping form a sort of armor for the ant, are pushed apart and appear like so many dark bands encircling a translucent sac of sticky fluid.

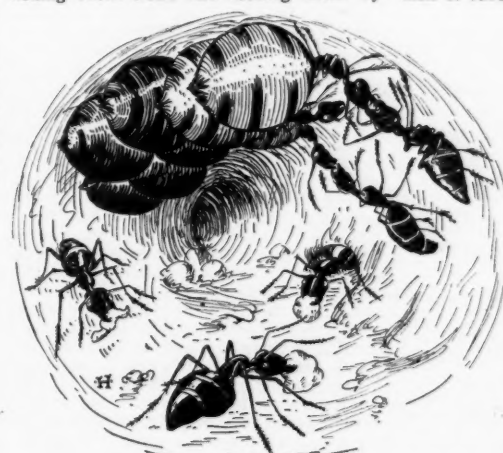
Ant Honey

The honey-bearers are the particular care of the other members of the family. Their unwearied sisters lick them clean, preserve them from parasites, and otherwise tend them. But these rotunds do not belong to a distinct group or caste. In this species all newly born individuals are alike in general structure. The remarkable expansion of the abdomen is a later process, and any ant belonging to the group of food-gatherers may, in the course of time, become a rotund. With the emptying of her store she becomes once more like the others.

The honey of these ants is exceptionally rich in nutriment. It has, moreover, a



The home of carpenter ants in a piece of decayed wood laid open, revealing (right center) the winged queen, (upper left) two foragers returning with food, (lower left) a nurse feeding larvae and (lower right) a nurse feeding a worker



Honey ants that have made storehouses of themselves, suspended from the ceiling of their underground dwelling and being fed by workers

regurgitation with the very best of their store.

The young often lie in little clumps of a dozen or more, fastened together by the viscid hairs that encircle them. A single nurse will feed the entire lot at once. Through a lens, you may see the twelve or more open mouths sticking out on the surface of the ball; you see now one and now another obtaining the precious drop from the feeder. Among the honey ants, for instance, the nurses make food sacs of themselves and keep the family supplied for the winter.

Balls of Food

These peculiar ants are natives of Mexico and the western United States and are especially abundant in the Garden of the Gods in Colorado. As among the carpenters, certain of the workers are the food-gatherers of the colony. At sundown, a small army



Ants returning to their home under the rock, laden with food. In the foreground an ant is dragging another ant's body

emerges from the nest in the rocks and marches in single file up and down crevices for considerable distances until it reaches a clump of scrub oak. Then the ants climb up the branches and make their way to the small galls that cover them. These discharge an abundant supply of sugary sap, which the ants eagerly lap up.

Having had their fill, the sap-gatherers return home in the dead of night and, drag-

distinctly attractive flavor and in Mexico is much sought after by the natives who serve the delicacy at weddings and other feasts. It has therefore been asked if it might not be possible to raise these colonies for their honey. But practically this is out of the question. The ants are comparatively so rare and their greatest output so small that their economic value is unimportant.

ing danger, are thrown into a panic and with all haste make for the many openings at the bottom and sides of the hollow.

Slaves and Masters

Here and there, lying in little clumps, are white sac-like creatures, the babies of the nest. They are the great concern of the fleeing ants. Singly or in pairs, the ants rush their young underground; in a few minutes a thousand or more of them are removed. Then you will see nothing of the former scurrying mass; but for the holes that lead into the galleries and chambers below, there is no evidence of a nest.

If with a trowel you remove several inches of the surface ground, you will come upon the interior of the nest. Everywhere are the winding tunnels branching out from one another and leading into the spacious chambers. Here the ants have withdrawn with their young. Huddled together in a corner and surrounded by what appear as most anxious guards, are larger ants, one of which is wingless, the others winged. The wingless ant is the queen of the colony and the mother of all the young. The other, winged ants are the virgin males and females. These females are destined to become mothers of colonies of their own.

A little farther, at a distance of perhaps twenty feet, you find another nest such as this, but you do not find the blacks living alone as in this case. In the second nest they are in the midst of a number of blood-red ants of about the same size and general appearance. A moment's watch will show that the burden of the work of the colony falls upon the darker creatures. The others are not particularly active. It is clear that we have here one of the peculiar slave communities in which the reds, or sanguinaries, are the masters. The slaves are digging the tunnels, milking the ant-cows and feeding the young of both species. They seem to be in entire charge of the domestic affairs of the composite colony.

These two species are among the commonest of our ants. The blacks are the ants that we constantly meet on our pavements and on country walks everywhere. By nature they are active and possess as well as any other species fine constructive instincts. They are referred to scientifically as

selves to different parts of the work in the ant household. The largest are the soldiers and foragers; those of medium size tunnel the galleries and do the other hard work. But it is the smallest workers, or minims, that are of special interest. They are the nurses and have in charge the important work of feeding the colony.

Once the food is brought within the nest, several of the smallest workers begin to feed on it. If it be some sweet stuff such as fruit or honey or even the piece of a worm, they approach it greedily and with their long tongues lap up the juices until the morsel is quite dry. The amount of food that an ant will take up into itself is surprising. One of the feeders will often stay at one spot for hours at a time and fill herself until her body is swollen with food and she can hardly move. Her abdomen is much broader now than before and she appears like a larger and heavier ant.

Nurse Ants

But this food is not for the ant that has eaten it. Like many other animals, the ants possess a double stomach, the crop in front and the true stomach behind it. The food in the first is simply stored there; it is only what is passed down into the second pocket that serves the ant herself. Full to the brim, the feeder makes her way among the others and feeds them until her store is exhausted. The process may be observed at almost any time. The two ants, the feeder and the fed, place their heads together, open their jaws and hold each other in place by their feelers and the front pair of legs. They look for all the world like two creatures sharing some important secret. Then, drop by drop, the nurse pours the sweet juices into the open mouth of the other ant.

This method of feeding is a great saving to the colony; for it enables the majority of the workers to stay at their tasks and accomplish much more than if each one obtained its own food at first hand. Moreover, the food-gatherers cover much ground in their excursions and bring into the nest a great variety of food stuffs, such as berries, seeds, the nectar of flowers and animal food—a variety that would be impossible for any single individual to obtain. This food becomes the common mess of all, and the diet

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FACT AND COMMENT

LITERATURE was formerly an art and finance a calling. Nowadays one sometimes wonders if the two have not changed places.

ONE WAY of reducing automobile accidents would be a general agreement among motorists to use their brakes instead of their horns when they see a pedestrian ahead.

WE AMERICANS pride ourselves on our efficiency and our capacity for hard and sustained work. But Joseph Szigeti, the famous violinist, who has visited the United States often, says more time is wasted here than in any country he ever lived in.

IN RUSSIA, where they are finding the private manufacturer and the private trader obnoxious necessities, the government is trying to tax private enterprise to a point just short of putting it out of business. The difficulty is to find that point. Like the man who reduced his horse's rations until he got the animal to living on a few wisps of straw a day, they may wake up some morning to find the object of their experiment dead.

CHOOSING YOUR LIFE-WORK

A MILLION boys are facing today the questions, "What shall I do with my life? What is to be my place in this busy ant-heap, the world?" Other millions, who need not now make their decisions, are thinking a good deal about these questions, and will be glad of any help they can get in making up their minds how to answer them. Such boys do not need or want to be told what they ought to do. They want to decide for themselves what trade or profession they shall enter, and within reason they ought to be allowed to do so; for few boys or men ever make any great success of life except in occupations that they adopt willingly and for which they feel in themselves some genuine fitness.

What they do need is information, and plenty of it, about the conditions, and the rewards, the drawbacks and the advantages, of the various businesses of life. Having got that, they can make their choice with their eyes at least partly open. They will not drift thoughtlessly into an occupation or suffer themselves to be pushed into it, only to find that it is utterly unlike what they supposed it to be, and to make themselves thoroughly unhappy in it.

The Youth's Companion wants to be of service to these boys. Its editors do not pretend to know much about other vocations than their own; but they have got some of the best men in the country to write frankly about the occupations they themselves have chosen and in which they have won success. The knowledge and experience these men have acquired is to be put at the service of our boy readers. They will tell the boys just what sort of preparation each business or profession requires, what qualities it demands in those who follow it, what difficulties and sacrifices one must be ready to face, what rewards and what satisfactions one may hope to find in it. The series of articles, which begins in this number with Dr. William E. Barton's inspiring paper on the Christian ministry as a profession, will be one of the most interesting and valuable The Youth's Companion has ever published.

Lieut. Commander W. Atlee Edwards' arti-

cle on the Navy, recently published; properly belongs in this series, though it anticipated the others by two months. Besides that article and Doctor Barton's, we shall take up farming, banking, teaching, politics, engineering, the law, medicine, railroading, manufacturing and other subjects equally important. No boy or young man can afford to miss a single one of these articles. They will be written by men each of whom is in the very front rank of the profession or business he represents. The boy is fortunate indeed who can get from such men the kind of intimate counsel they will give him.

THE PROFESSORS AND THE WAR DEBTS

FOR a subject that everybody in Washington tells us is settled for good and all, the question of the war debts owed to us by our former allies finds its way to the front and the editorial pages with singular persistency. The latest contribution to the discussion comes from forty-two members of the faculty of history and political science at Columbia University. These distinguished scholars propose an international conference to revise the war-debt settlements on a basis of generosity as well as justice, for the sake of peace, prosperity and a better understanding throughout the world.

More than once we have pointed out to our readers that, whatever we in the United States think about these war debts, the debtor nations do not regard them as ordinary business transactions and never will so regard them. In their view the loans we made them between April, 1917, and November, 1918, were contributions to a common cause against a common enemy, necessary because they had to hold the fighting front for more than a year while we were training an army and preparing in other ways to take an effective part in the struggle. If we are disliked abroad, in spite of the fact that we have made what our representatives in Washington tell us are "very generous" settlements, it is because we have not, as a nation, been willing to take this view of the case, and so give whatever concessions we make the aspect of charity instead of justice.

These Columbia professors think we ought to recognize the foreign point of view, and that in the long run it will be far better for the whole world, by no means excluding ourselves, if we agree to it. Another eminent economist, Professor Taussig of Harvard, has added his voice to the same conclusion. He cannot bring himself, he says, to think of the war debts as a purely legal question, and he cannot, as an American, help feeling uneasy in his conscience while our government continues so to regard them.

What all these men desire, if we understand them, is an international conference that will separate from the total of the money owed to us all that was advanced for the actual conduct of the war, and ask for the repayment of such sums only as were used for other purposes. It is probable enough that such a solution of the question is not now practicable. Those who are in authority in Washington show no sympathy whatever with the suggestion, and we do not observe any enthusiastic support for it among the people at large. But remember that it is made by men of exceptional intelligence and economic authority; by men, too, who have no political axes to grind and no financial profits to make. Educators by profession, they are trying, no doubt, to educate the community in what seems to them the wisest and most farsighted view of a difficult problem. Events may conspire to assist in the educative process. We do not predict it, but we shall not be greatly surprised if we live to see the war debts computed and discharged on a different basis from that of the existing agreements.

BIG SMOKE, HIS MARK

WE sometimes wonder how much attention the schools of today give to teaching penmanship. It may be all they can afford, but, if one may judge by the handwriting of the graduates, it is not enough. How often do you get a letter from a man in middle life that is both legible and distinctive? A certain childish crudity is the rule rather than the exception; or, if the writer has attained a moderate degree of success in life, or thinks he has, his signature may be an indecipherable hieroglyphic that, rightly regarded, is really "Big Smoke, his mark."

We have had many different "systems" of penmanship in this country, but none of them has produced writers whose script is at once easily read and marked by individual-

ity. The old Spencerian style, still taught in some of the business schools, is and was a sort of manual fancy skating. At its best it was as clear as engraved script, but it was "copy-book" stuff, utterly lacking in any quality of distinction or personality. The acme of its achievement was to draw, in a few graceful strokes, a bird with the head of a cuckoo, the tail of a lyre bird and wings that put it outside all the ornithological check lists.

It is a great mistake to think that, because the typewriter now takes care of the greater part of our correspondence, it is unnecessary to give much time to the study and practice of penmanship. As well argue that, because the automobile has come into general use there is no need for a child to learn to walk. There are realms into which no lady or gentleman will allow the typewriter to enter. Notes of condolence and notes of congratulation, invitations and acceptances and declinations—in fact, all friendly and intimate correspondence must still be written by hand; and to write them in a crude, incompetent hand is like making a personal call in grubby, ill-fitting dress.

The "vertical style" of writing, which had such vogue a few years ago, was easily read, but too colorless and impersonal to be pleasing. What is needed is a style that is legible beyond the possibility of mistake, and that expresses something of the writer's preference in the choice of pens and the way to use them; and that achievement can come only with care and much practice. It is well worth it.

A professor in the Pittsburgh University recently expressed the opinion that "as a rule, those of low mentality are good hand-writers." If he is right, Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and Lincoln and Gladstone and Poe and Edison and Thomas Hardy must be regarded as no great shakes, mentally, and the common run of present-day Americans are intellectual giants.

THIS B WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

FIREWORKS PROBABLE

EVERYTHING points to a lively session of the Senate when Col. Frank L. Smith of Illinois presents himself with his credentials as the appointive successor to Senator McKinley, deceased. Colonel Smith was elected for the full term of six years last November, but the amount of money spent in his primary campaign and the sources from which it was derived aroused so much criticism that the Senate was already considering whether or not it would let him have his seat. Now he comes, by appointment of Governor Small, to fill out the last months of Senator McKinley's term, and his irritated colleagues, by the time this is printed, may have voted him out of that chair also. But there is a constitutional question of some nicety involved in his case, and much oratory will probably be expended on it. It is a matter of dispute how far the Senate is justified in refusing admittance to a member sent by the voters of a state, at an election admittedly fair, and especially whether it can properly turn away one who comes with an *ad interim* appointment from a governor, because he is accused of impropriety in a campaign for the nomination for an entirely different term. The constitutional lawyers of the Senate are in for a real field day.

THE PHILIPPINE REPORT

COLONEL THOMPSON, the President's representative in an investigation of the Philippines, has put in his report. Sovereignty, he says, meaning by that, absolute political independence, must be remote, because the natives of the islands, speaking a dozen languages and dialects, widely different in culture and degree of civilization, and often deeply hostile to one another, cannot unite to form even a moderately homogeneous nation. Nor have they, he goes on to say, the economic and financial strength to maintain such a nation if they could establish it, while separation from the United States, with the consequent abolition of a free market in this country, would put them in a far worse economic position than they now are. He advises making the administration of the islands purely civilian, instead of largely military, as it is at present, and suggests many ways of improving the economic conditions. Most of them, however, are dependent on a larger use of American capital

there, to which the Philippine legislature seems to be pretty firmly opposed.

PROSPECTS FOR A NAVAL CONFERENCE

THE news that the United States is going to authorize the building of ten new cruisers of respectable size has had the effect of making the European nations more friendly to another Washington conference on naval limitation. The last conference acted on battleships only. Ever since then our government has been trying to bring about an agreement for limiting the building of cruisers and submarines too, but without any success. We have of course the financial ability to outbuild any other nation if we choose to do so, and the action of Congress is taken to mean that we shall use our power unless Great Britain, France and Japan consent to talk limitation with us. Since none of those nations wants to be drawn into a competition with us in a building program, the chances of their joining in another Washington conference are visibly improved.

OUR PANAMANIAN ALLY

A NEW treaty negotiated between Panama and the United States provides that Panama shall consider itself in a state of war, whenever the United States is itself at war, shall cooperate in every way for the defense of the Panama Canal by our forces and give to our army and navy the control of whatever territory is necessary to the protection of the canal. The treaty establishes what amounts to a protectorate in time of war, and some people are wondering whether the League of Nations—to which Panama belongs—will think the treaty violates that part of the covenant of the League which provides that any nation attached to the League shall resort to arbitration before it declares war.

TAXING THE BACHELORS

WE learn that there is a "bulge" in the marriage market in Italy, following the announcement that a special tax is to be levied on all unmarried men between the ages of 25 and 65. Spinsters are not to be taxed, on the theory that they do not ordinarily abstain from marrying from choice—a theory which may be true for Italy, but is not of universal application. The money raised by the tax will be spent by a national organization which cares for needy mothers and their children.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



Drawing by L. F. Grant

January 24, 1848.

Gold discovered in California

From California rivers hoards of gold
Were won by lucky men like Captain Sutter;
And some prospectors garnered wealth untold,
And some were glad enough for bread and
butter.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST

AT the water's edge on the Taunton River, a little tide-water stream in southern Massachusetts, lies a half-submerged boulder that has attracted visitors and puzzled antiquarians for more than two hundred years. On it is cut, in letters crude even when they were new and now dim with age, an inscription that scholars since colonial times have tried in vain to read. It has been attributed to an unknown, prehistoric race, to the Indians, and to the Norsemen.

The last-mentioned theory has been the most popular, and it has been held, as one of the evidences of their early coming to

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America, that sailing up an estuary of the sea from where Fall River now stands, they left on Dighton Rock some record of their visit, some message for posterity. But the meaning of the message no one had been able to discover.

Now comes Professor Delabarre of Brown University with an explanation that represents thirteen years of study and research and differs widely from all the previous suggestions. Beginning to study the rock during a summer vacation, he became enough interested to read everything he could find upon the matter. It included nearly six hundred books, but they gave him little help. The rock itself treated him better, for he found on it, in half-obliterated figures, what others had missed, namely, the date 1511. That led him to a study of early sixteenth century voyages, and eventually to his goal. He found that one Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese sailor, had reached the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, and sent back two ships, with reports, but did not himself return. After a time his brother Miguel set sail in search of him, and was never heard from again. Now Professor Delabarre announces that the inscription on the Dighton Rock is "Miguel Cortereal, 1511. V. Dei Hic Dux Ind", which he translates as "Miguel Cortereal, 1511. By the will of God I here became leader of the Indians." But a correspondent of the Boston Herald, in which appeared an account of the discovery, rather plausibly suggests another reading. Calling attention to the dream of a new passage to India, which dominated every adventurer of the period, he makes the latter part of the inscription to read, "Here, by the will of God, I become ruler of India."

So scholarship has its reward, and one romance gives way to another no less interesting. Miguel Cortereal never returned to his native land. No man knows how or where he died. Does that greenstone boulder on the little tide river mark the spot where, "by the will of God," he took possession of all India?

A FRIEND IN NEED

MANY are the stories of a dog's devotion to his master, but more rare are the instances of devotion to a fellow dog.

An acquaintance of mine who lived in the country, writes a contributor, had two dogs, Shep and Curly, that were great friends. Shep had been in the family for several years, but Curly had come, a pup of six months, less than a year before.

One night at suppertime Shep was missing. The children called and called him, but in vain. Morning came and still he was absent, nor did he appear during the day. When another twenty-four hours had rolled round without his return he was given up for lost, and there was mourning in the house, for he had been a great favorite.

They expected to see Curly mope without his friend, but on the contrary Curly was in good spirits and had developed a most remarkable appetite. His dish was licked out clean, and the bones he was given disappeared; still he wanted more.

His mistress couldn't understand it. "No, no, Curly," she protested, "no more. Go dig up the bones you've buried." But, though Curly wagged an acquiescing tail, he still kept a hopeful eye upon her.

Then one of the boys noticed that the dog always disappeared shortly after he had been fed. "Must have a new place to bury his bones," they surmised, and they lay in wait to watch him.

As it happened, a steer was slaughtered on the farm the next morning, and at dinner-time Curly received a generous meal. He gulped down his dinner, seized a big bone in his mouth and trotted away toward the barnyard. The boys cautiously followed.

Through the barnyard he went, crawled through the fence and struck out across the field back of it. At the farther side of the field was a considerable eminence, one of the many rolling hills common to the lands along the Mississippi, all of them more or less pocked with "mineral holes," as the deserted lead mines are called.

Skirting the nearest hill, Curly proceeded up the ravine between that and the next hill and presently came to an old mineral hole. The boys, following him under cover of the bushes scattered about, saw him walk up to the rim of the hole and lay down the bone. Then he barked, and to their astonishment a faint bark answered. Curly immediately picked up the bone, advanced his head past the edge of the hole and dropped the bone in.

The boys rushed up to the hole and peered in. At the bottom, twenty feet down, they discerned a shaggy animal busy with the

bone that Curly had dropped in. At their whistle the animal raised its head and whined. It was the missing Shep.

One of the boys made a quick trip to the barn for a coil of rope. Fastening one end securely to a near-by tree, he let himself down into the hole and tied the rope round old Shep's body back of his forelegs, and in a twinkling the dog was hoisted to the surface, followed a moment later by his rescuer.

Thanks to Curly's good offices, old Shep was not much the worse for his mishap; but it was hard to tell which was more delighted, the prisoner that had just been released or his devoted friend that, by his daily contributions of food, had kept him alive during his imprisonment.

WITH A TAP OF HIS FINGER

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, the great pianist, was the most delightful of hosts when the late musical critic, Henry T. Finck, visited him in his château before the war: he was, the fortunate guest records in his recently published reminiscences, "blazing with animation and charm." He was full, too, of mischievous gaiety: odd and melodious surprises were sprung upon the visitor, in whose bedroom quite ordinary articles and appurtenances had concealed music-box attachments and on being touched or lifted burst suddenly into music. The first morning Paderewski asked innocently if Mr. Finck had heard anything during the night.

"Oh, yes," was the neat reply. "I heard some chamber music."

There were seven pianos in the château, and the pianist practiced by the hour, largely mere exercises to keep his fingers limber and strong: an uninteresting task to which he admitted it took "all his will power" to hold himself.

All his muscles had become extraordinarily strong. His friend Schelling, a man of full size and weight, related that he had stood upon the calf of Paderewski's bent leg, and Mr. Finck records:

"He can crack a pane of French plate glass a half-inch in thickness by simply placing one hand upon it, as in playing the piano, and striking suddenly and vigorously with his middle finger."

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

WE were aroused one morning in early summer, writes a subscriber, by a great outcry among the birds, particularly by the harsh cry of the blue jay. On going out to learn the cause of the disturbance we found numbers of birds flying around an oriole nest which we had been watching with a great deal of interest. The jay birds were flying about in much excitement and several distressed little orioles were bravely fighting them. A closer view revealed a jay bird with his head caught in the nest. In trying to rob it he had made himself prisoner and neither his own efforts nor those of his companions could free him. Nearly all day he struggled and the other birds flew unhappily about, but gradually his efforts grew feebler until they ceased entirely and he was left alone. Of course, the nest was ruined, but until far into the winter he hung there high in the air, an object lesson to all thieves.

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining; not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Rose of the Tenements—F. B. O.

A foster-sister's patriotism delivers a misguided youth from anti-American propaganda. Shirley Mason, John Harron

Bardelys the Magnificent—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
An eighteenth century romance in which a dashing cavalier risks his head to win his lady. John Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman

Tin Hats—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The lively adventures of three doughboys in the Army of Occupation—Conrad Nagel, Claire Windsor

Stolen Ranch—Universal
A cowboy's courage and devotion to his shell-shocked buddy win back a heritage. Fred Hume

Lazy Lightnin'—Universal
An original sort of cowboy who found the way to health for a little sick lad. Art Accord and Bobby Gordon

The Better 'Ole—Warner Brothers
Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill" lives over on the screen his ups and downs in the Great War. Syd. Chaplin.

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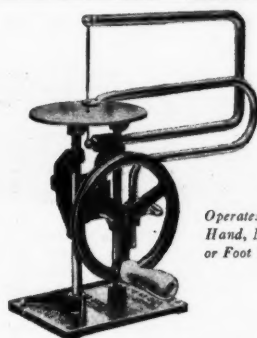
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This Scroll Saw is especially suited to the use of members of the Y. C. Lab and all young cabinet makers. With it even the beginner can produce an absolutely square and straight cut, a thing practically impossible with a hand saw. Saw arm has reach of 8 inches. Saw blade will cut wood, fibre, bakelite, aluminum, brass, zinc, etc. We include extra blade.

How to Earn It

The Scroll Saw will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.25 extra, or for 7 subscriptions. Or, the Saw will be sold for \$6.00. Also include postage for 10 lb. package.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Rumford Bldg., Concord, N. H. or
8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass.

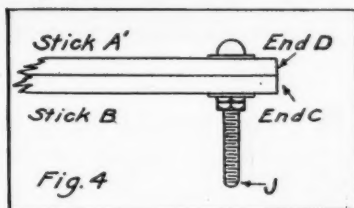
The Y. C. LAB

(Continued from page 74)

etc., the pencil K will produce a similar figure, at twice the size; that is, a 1 in. movement of F gives a 2 in. travel at K. In Fig. 1 the pantograph is arranged for this ratio of enlargement, as will be noted by the relative size of the two square figures. If different enlargements are desired, the pantograph should be readjusted. For example, if 4-to-1 enlargements are desired, make sure that the screw eyes are fastened in all holes marked 4. For 1½-to-1 enlargements the screw eyes must be fastened in holes marked 1½. For the proper operation of the pantograph, the screw eyes must be fastened in holes bearing the same figures; and, as a final test, the anchor pivot, the tracing point and the pencil must line in a single straight line.

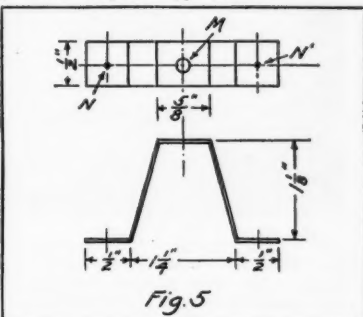
For those geometrically inclined it may be said that the theory of the pantograph is based on the similarity of triangles and gives the enlargement ratio as the distance LK divided by the distance LF.

When reducing the size of drawings, the pencil and the tracing point should be interchanged.



Care should be used in adjusting and operating the pantograph. All joints should be properly adjusted and the anchor located well out of the way of the drawing copied. Apply all pressure to the pencil, and not to the tracing point. After a little practise one can become quite expert in making enlargements, and an instructive form of entertainment will be developed.

Constructional Note. The hardware (screws, washers, nuts and sheet brass) for this pantograph may be obtained at the usual hardware, electrical-supply or radio store. If the exact sizes are not available, slight changes in design may be readily made to fit the parts at hand. After finding out that the pantograph works satisfactorily, it may be dismantled and the wooden sticks given a light coat of shellac to preserve the penciled figures at the various holes. Also the unused ends of sticks A and B, Fig. 1, may be cut off about ¾ in. outside the last screw-eye holes. But the last step is not important, except for appearances.



Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the Society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind. Use this coupon today.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank, on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Address.....



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If your hair is difficult to keep in place, or lacks natural gloss and lustre, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed boys.

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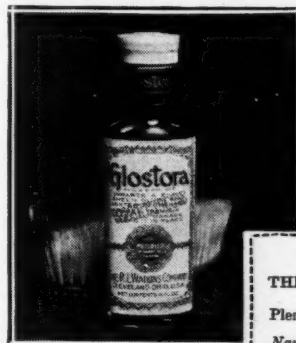
It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes and creams do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

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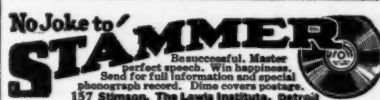
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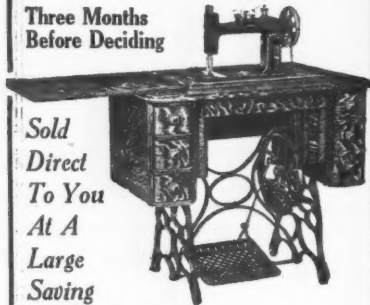
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Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

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This is the Keystone Blank
 Return to Hazel Grey,
 The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

Winners of the \$5.00 Maryland State Branch Club Prize

Dear Hazel Grey: We have named our club the Black-eyed Susans of the G. Y. C. because that is the flower of the state of Maryland, and we want to win the prize for being the first club of Active G. Y. C. Members from this state! That is also our reason for having that as our club flower.

We organized on December 11, 1926, as follows, and here is a list of enterprises:

Name of Club: The Black-eyed Susans
 Club Colors: Black and Orange
 Club Flower: Black-eyed Susan
 Club Members: Mildred Burkins (12), President; Dorothy Chambers (15), Secretary-Treasurer; Louise Chambers (11)
 Club Mascot: Bingo, our dog
 Day of Meetings: Saturday
 Enterprises: 1. Christmas Gifts. 2. Hand-dipped Candles. 3. Candy. 4. Cooking. 5. Making our own clothes. 6. Handicrafts. 7. Photography.



Mildred Burkins (12) President



Louise Chambers (11)

A Laundry Bag: Fold the material (we used unbleached muslin) once and cut it just like an ordinary bag. The neck, since this was a present for a man, was cut like a man's tailored shirt. Then we cut two pieces of cloth the shape of the neck and faced it.

When the seams were all sewed we took a pencil and outlined on the bag a collar, tie, sleeves, pocket and buttons. Then these lines were done over with blue embroidery cotton—all except the tie, which was made yellow. Finally we took a piece of cotton tape and sewed it onto each side of the neck, to finish.

The Collar-and-cuff Set: We cut our collar-and-cuff set out of a piece of blue line, using an old set as a pattern. Then the edges were worked all the way round with chain stitch, and a flower, done in gold embroidery silk, was put in the corner of each piece to complete it.

Shoe Trees: We bought an inexpensive pair of shoe trees and enameled them with white. When they were dry, we covered them with ribbon. We added a final dainty touch by painting a small design in several colors of enamel on the toe pieces and the ends.

(Signed) Respectfully,
 DOROTHY CHAMBERS, Secretary

Enterprise No. 1

When I asked Mildred and Louise what they had thought of doing as the first enterprise, they both agreed on making Christmas gifts.

Here is the way we made these gifts:



Dorothy Chambers (15) and the Club Mascot, Bingo

We Acquire a Table and Re-do a Chair for Our Kitchen—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise 20

HOW proud and happy we all felt when our new kitchen table arrived. We found but one flaw in its white porcelain-topped perfection. It had a black rim painted around the top edge, which did not harmonize with the blue-and-white color scheme of our spick-and-span blue-and-white kitchen. By unanimous vote, this would never do!

Lucile, once more, came to our rescue with a good idea, however, and in less than ten minutes Helen had a can of the delft-blue

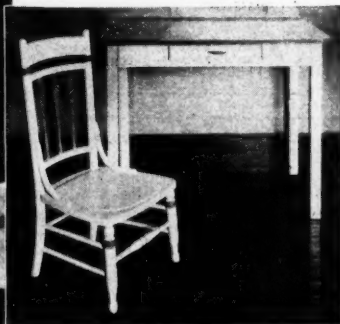
The next step was to give it three coats of quick drying white brushing lacquer. The chair now began to look like the swan that grew up from humble beginnings as an ugly duckling.

At this point Carola decided that the chair, if it was to come into her special province, the kitchen, must have a dash of the blue to make it a worthy addition. Again the can of blue lacquer which had already done such good service on oilcloth and table was rushed to the rescue, and the



Sandpapering the derelict chair, preparatory to putting on quick-drying brushing lacquer

Our finished kitchen furnishings—we do not plan to sit on our chair, however, while working



brushing lacquer left over from stenciling the oilcloth for the pantry shelves, and in less than ten more minutes a dainty blue line successfully hid the not-wanted black.

From now on, you will see how welcome and needed an addition our new table is proving to be in the kitchen of our new house.

THE G. Y. C. Workbox discovered an old chair on the back porch—one which had long since been discarded as of no further earthly use. Some one had sawed off the legs, but except for that fact we decided that it had possibilities for furnishing the kitchen—both as a good object for first experimentation in furniture reconditioning and because we saw, for the present, no chance for having another kitchen chair, since we are acquiring our new furnishings so very slowly and finishing them all ourselves. Therefore nothing, even a sawed-off chair, is dubbed impossible if it has the faintest gleam of a possibility for improvement and use in its appearance.

Since the varnish had all peeled off our discovery, through long exposure to the weather, we first gave it a good sandpapering with No. 00 sandpaper. After all traces of varnish had then disappeared, we found that the chair was made of really very good quality hard wood.

chair rungs, as well as the three back slats and a band across the center of the top crosspiece, were daintily finished off by Helen, now experienced in adding blue to the kitchen furnishings.

As a good finishing touch, four nickel silencers were purchased at the hardware store for ten cents, and these, put into the legs where they had been sawed off, gave a smooth even finish.

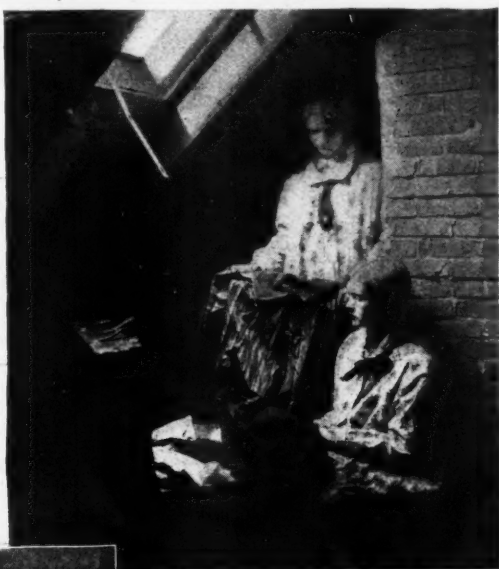
A New Frock from an Old Trunk—G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise 21

WHEN boys rummage in an attic among old trunks, it is doubtless with visions of pieces of eight and Spanish dubloons. But when girls venture into the dim cobwebby regions under the eaves, it is with quite a different picture in mind: dresses—gowns of other days! Nothing is more romantic and thrilling than a lovely lacey costume that grandmother may have worn to her first party.

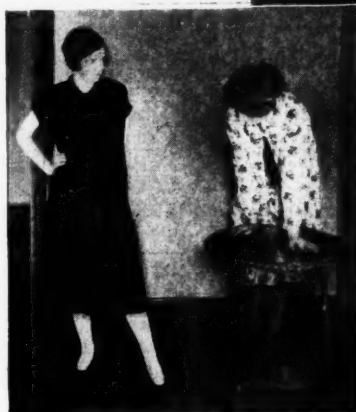
The girls of the Workbox like to rummage around sometimes, and the other day two of them delved into a little trunk that had been forgotten for a few years. It wasn't antique enough to contain a dress that grandma

might have worn, to be sure, but it did contain some things that were made of pretty materials but that were hopelessly out of style. Among them were two discarded dresses of crêpe de Chine—one a dark blue, the other a light greenish blue, with a small figure.

The Workbox decided that a dress could be made by combining these two, although the colors would not go together as they were. They ripped the dresses apart and then prepared to dye them to make material for a fresh-looking dress. As the navy crêpe de chine could take nothing but black, it was dyed black. As the girls did not want to make an entirely black dress, they dyed the other lighter silk in scarlet. The scarlet dye,



Carol and Helen delved into a little trunk that had been forgotten for a few years



A dainty new dress for Helen—almost as good as a few pieces of eight!

combined with the original greenish blue shade of this material, resulted in a lovely shade of bright henna. And, because the silks were dyed in soap dyes, these also served to wash them, so that when the

dyeing job was finished there were two fresh pieces of crêpe de Chine to work with.

When the silk was all dyed and ironed, it was sorted in order to find the largest pieces of each color. This resulted in the discovery that the largest pieces were of the black. So the back of the new dress was made in one piece from the black, and the front was cut to the waistline out of the same material. Short black sleeves were also made.

Then the henna silk was plaited in inch-wide plaits, basted down, pressed and set in for the front of the skirt. A little vest, a collar and sleeve bindings of the henna were next added. A belt was made of the black silk, and two round pieces of canvas were covered with henna. The finishing touch was a tiny, narrow tie of black silk tacked to the collar.

With a little thought and time these two old dresses blossomed into a dainty new dress for Helen! The entire cost was 30 cents: the cost of the dye, 15 cents for each color.

Almost as good as a few pieces of eight!

Fashions for the Young Girl

Dear Adelaide: Betty and I went shopping the other day to see what we could find in the way of a dress, as a result of the letter you sent me saying that you had to have a new one for the Parkemans' tea, didn't have a minute to "look around" for yourself, and could we possibly help you out. We felt much flattered by your request, as well as a little shaky about finding something that would meet with your approval and really help. However, we both agreed that this is the very nicest dress we saw, and we hope you will think so too!

We looked at it in black, as that is still very good indeed, even for young girls, in the more formal dresses made of transparent materials such as georgette and chiffon. Black didn't suit Betty's dark coloring at all, but we thought that it would be lovely for your brighter and fairer coloring. The brilliant little rhinestone buckle is a darling—and the three soft tiers of tiny pleated ruffles which are repeated on the sleeves just below the elbow are very graceful and new.



Betty in an afternoon dress which brings out several of the most interesting new style points

The only accessories to wear with this are a contrasting shoulder flower (frankly, I am getting a little tired of them and feel revolutionary enough to suggest that you might give it up for originality's sake) and a pearl choker necklace with a pearl drop bracelet to match. Sheer black or gun-metal stockings and black slippers would be just right to complete this and make it a good-looking afternoon ensemble.

Speaking of colors and types, I wonder if you have seen the splendid new book, "Making the Most of Your Looks," just written by Dorothy Stote? The first day I got it, I dropped everything else for two solid hours and became completely lost in all the fascinating chapters on everything from one of my pet hobbies: choosing colors and lines to suit individual types, to what to take when you are planning to go abroad with a hat box and a suitcase! I should think engaged girls would find her trousseau and bridal outfit suggestions invaluable—and there are ever so many good pointers about the kinds of clothes and accessories to choose for special occasions, too. The illustrations are very clever—those are by Judy Bushnell. Do get hold of a copy if you haven't seen one already. Brentano publishes it for \$2.00.

Hoping that all this will help,

HAZEL GREY

If you should want a dress like this one that we picked out for Adelaide, it comes in rose, green, and copenhagen blue as well as black for \$19.75 in sizes 13, 15 and 17. The uniform pearl chokers are \$1.00, and the bracelets are also \$1.00. I shall be glad to go shopping for you; please be sure to remember to tell me just the size and color you want!

If you are feeling puzzled about just what colors are especially yours, wouldn't you like me to send you a helpful set of style and color hints that I have made to help you choose your own specially becoming styles and colors? Please put in two cents to cover postage when you ask for it. H. G.



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RIGHT IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD there are surely many families with young people who would enjoy The Youth's Companion, and wait only for you to call it to their attention. Show these people several of your copies, pointing out features you know they will enjoy, and you can easily get a new subscription order. Send the name and address to us with the \$2.00 you have collected for a year's subscription, including also 25 cents extra, and we will present you with a copy of Zane Grey's newest book "UNDER THE TONTO RIM."

Send book to:
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Gentlemen: I am sending you on the attached sheet the name and address of a new subscriber for The Youth's Companion. As my reward for so doing please send me a copy of Zane Grey's new book "Under the Tonto Rim." I am enclosing \$2.00 for the new subscription and 25 cents extra for the book.

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Stamps to Stick

Our stamp page, which appears in the last issue of every month, always contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners.



Johann S. Bach, musician and composer. Red-brown



Emmanuel Kant, philosopher. Scarlet



Albert Dürer, painter, draughtsman and engraver. Dark brown



Ludwig van Beethoven, music composer. Blue-green



Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, critic and dramatist. Olive



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, poet, dramatist and philosopher. Blue

assist persons made homeless during the serious Danube floods last year.

"SPECIALISM"

THE new follower of the hobby called philately soon hears the word "specialism" and wonders what it means. A specialist is a collector who favors assembling stamps of a particular kind or class or the stamps of one or more certain countries. As examples, one specialist may desire only commemorative stamps; another may be fond of air-mail adhesives only; a third may wish to put only World War issues in his album. Or one collector may be especially fond of the stamps of the nineteenth century, while another will want those of the twentieth century only. Some specialists collect only those adhesives issued by Great Britain and colonies, or France and colonies, or Portugal and colonies. Many American collectors care to gather no stamps except those issued by the United States and possessions.

The average beginner-collector, however, gives no thought to specialism—and wisely so. He must first learn the elementary phases of philately before he may hope to decide intelligently in just which branch he would like to specialize at some future time, and in order to acquire a knowledge of these earliest fundamentals he should study the stamps of all countries. After he has this knowledge, specialism may follow as a matter of course if he finds that he has taken a particular fancy to a certain kind or class of stamps or to certain countries' postal emissions.

Only by being a general collector at the start is it possible to learn readily and thoroughly all that the boy or girl should know about philately in order to derive the most enjoyment. For, after all, the real value of the hobby lies in its power both to educate and to fascinate at one and the same time. There is no question but that one learns worth-while things by collecting. Portraits and designs teach. The "stamp fiend" invariably picks up informative facts, as his collection progresses in size, about geography, history, politics, current affairs. This is so because on most stamps the pictures are significant of events, past or present, in world affairs.

The right way to collect is to study the background of each design. Why was that particular picture or portrait selected? The collector who asks himself that question, every time he sees a new stamp, and then takes the time for a little research work in order to arrive at the correct answer, will soon find his fund of knowledge increasing amazingly!

That is why the newcomer in philately should be a general collector rather than specialize. The hobby will give him a store of information and infinitely more fun.



Friedrich v. Schiller, poet, dramatist and philosopher. Green



Friedrich der Grosse, king of Prussia from 1740 to 1786. Red

GREAT GERMANS HONORED

GERMANY in a new series has honored noted men by placing their portraits on the stamps. The head of Goethe, poet, dramatist and philosopher, is on the 3 pfennigs, gray-brown, and 25 pfennigs, blue; of Schiller, poet, dramatist and philosopher, on the 5 pfennigs, green; of Frederick the Great, king of Prussia from 1740 to 1786, on the 10 pfennigs, red; of Kant, philosopher, on the 15 pfennigs, scarlet; of Beethoven, music composer, on the 20 pfennigs, blue-green; of Lessing, critic and dramatist, on the 30 pfennigs, olive; of Leibnitz, philosopher and mathematician, on the 40 pfennigs, violet; of Bach, musician and composer, on the 50 pfennigs, red-brown; and of Dürer, painter, draughtsman and engraver, on the 80 pfennigs, dark brown.

The use of Frederick the Great's likeness caused a storm of protest throughout republican Germany, particularly among the Socialists, many of whose leaders urged the people not to use the 10-pfennig stamp but to employ, instead, two of the 5-pfennig values.

MORE CHARITY STAMPS

THE issuing of charity stamps during the Christmas and New Year's season is annually becoming more popular among the nations of Europe. In addition to the child-welfare adhesives put forth by Switzerland and the Netherlands, somewhat similar bits of semi-postal paper have appeared in Luxembourg and Germany.

Those of Luxembourg have as their uniform design a portrait of the principality's heir, Prince Jean, who was born on January 5, 1921. The values are 5 plus 5 centimes, 50 plus 15 centimes, 70 plus 20 centimes and 1.50 franc plus 30 centimes.

Germany's set, the sale of which will be discontinued after February 15, although the stamps may still be used through the month of June, offers coats-of-arms as the subjects—of Württemberg on the 5 pfennigs, green, black, gold and vermilion; of Baden on the 10 pfennigs, red and gold; of Thuringia on the 25 pfennigs, blue, red and white; and of Hesse on the 50 pfennigs, brown, blue and vermilion. Each sells for double the face value.

Through the sale of these adhesives Luxembourg and Germany raise funds to aid in financing relief for ill and destitute children.

Jugo-Slavia has issued charity stamps, too, but for a different reason. They comprise twelve denominations of the current set, ranging from 25 para to 30 dinar, overprinted with values—either 25 para or 50 para or 1 dinar—in carmine-lilac. In this way the government obtains money to



Luxembourg 75 centimes stamp featuring a portrait of a man.



BIBLE LANDS!

115 stamps including scenes from the Holy Land, Damascus, Lebanon, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, etc. 15c. Ask how to get an Imperial Album, 400 pages, 4000 spaces FREE. To all who ask for stamps on approval, 12 scarce Azerbaijan FREE.

PENNSYLVANIA STAMP CO.
Greensburg, Pa.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbados (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. **File's Peak Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.** Important: If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

BIG 12c OFFER

All for 12c: 98 diff. from all countries, many unused, incl. charity and special delivery stamps; 5 diff. French Colonies; 5 diff. Portuguese Colonies; 10 diff. Danzig; 10 diff. Czechoslovakia; 1 packet from obscure countries of Transvaal, White Russia, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, Siam, Travancore, New Zealand, Guatemala, Mexico, Bosnia-Herzegovina; perf. gauge, millimetre scale, ruler; small album for duplicates. This big \$8 outfit for 12c to approval applicants.

A. R. PERRY, Dept. C., 36 Exchange Place, Providence, R. I.

FREE 100 ALL DIFFERENT

stamps to applicants for Universal Approvals. Postage 2c. Badger Stamp Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

200 DIFFERENT STAMPS 10c

Includes stamps from Malay, Gaboon, Algeria, Niger Territory, Kenya Colony, Oubangui, Soudan, Guinea, Mozambique, Congo, Gold Coast, etc., sent to approval applicants only for 10c (U. S. stamps). 2c stamp mails letter to England. Lightbown Stamp Co., Osborne Road, Southsea, England.

COINS Bought and sold. 25 diff. \$50; \$300 C. S. A. Money, \$25; Gold \$1. \$2.75; Coin Cabinet, oak, 5 drawers, prepaid \$3.50; 3 Arrowheads, \$25. 25 mixed coins \$35. 32 pp. Retail list, and old coin, \$0.06. Elder Corp., 9 E. 35th St., New York.

FREE. Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise packet given to those requesting my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount. Charles W. Schmidt, P. O. Box No. 4832, Frankford Sta., Phila., Pa.

If you want to sell stamps or coins send for a free circular. If you buy coins send 25c for price list. Charles H. Miller, P. O. Box 661, Providence, R. I.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH COLONIES one cent each. 13 Algeria 13c. 9 Dahomey 9c. 12 French Guiana 12c. 9 French Guinea 9c. 11 Wallis Isles 11c. C. A. Townsend, Akron, Ohio

STAMPS FREE. Grand set of 10 new issue pictorials: Mozambique Co. Mention Gift Q259, and send 4c postage. Bright & Son, 164 Strand, London, Eng.

FREE

Canadian \$1. Stamp to Approval Applicants. Stanley Munday, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, P. Q. Canada.

Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Travancore, Herzegovina, Quelimane Mozambique, Stamps. Menagerie Collection. Album, 10 cents. Liberty Stamp Co., 3914 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo.

Aladdin

and his wonderful stamps! Best stamps, lowest prices, write now. Free premium. Aladdin Stamp Co., Hamilton, N. Y.

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200 DIFFERENT

Stamps 10c; 1000 Hinges 10c. R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake, Utah.

FREE

"25" French Colonials to approval applicants. George Prall, Dept. Y. C., Somerville, N. J.

Say Boyal For some Wonderful Stamp Bargains, address: Hunkisson's Mailing Agency, San Fernando, Trinidad, B. W. I.

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G't Britain 1840 1d black \$1.25. R. H. A. GREEN, 318 Park Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

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if you request approvals. Postage 2c. George C. Linn Co., Columbus, Ohio.

FREE

Sample Stamp & Coin Collector, monthly. Kraus, 409 Chestnut, Milwaukee, Wis.

108

stps., Chad, Ned Indies, etc., and album, 4c to approval applicants. Hill, Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

JIMMY'S LITTLE DOG AND THE BABY BEARS

By Frances Margaret Fox

JIMMY was a big boy seven years old. He lived in a log cabin on a new farm. He had a baby cousin whose name was Barbara. She was called Barby for short. She lived in a log cabin too, on another new farm. It was one half a mile from Jimmy's house to Barby's house, through the big forest all the way.

One morning Uncle Peter came to Jimmy's house. Uncle Peter was Barby's father. He was on the way to the mill with a bag of wheat. He said, "I am going to the mill to have this wheat made into flour. I must hurry back because Barby had the croup last night."

"Did you grease her well with goose grease?" asked Jimmy's mother.

"No, we didn't have any goose grease," was the answer. "If you have some, I will stop and get it when I am on my way home from the mill."

Then away went Uncle Peter on horseback to the mill.

"Barby ought to be well rubbed with goose grease," mother said, and she looked hard at Jimmy.

Jimmy didn't like to be rubbed with goose grease, so he felt sorry for Barby.

THEN said his mother, "Jimmy, I think I shall have to ask you to go *now* with a little bottle of goose grease for Barby. You can sing and whistle all the way, and then the bears will keep off the road. If you make a noise, they won't come near you."

"May I take my little dog?" asked Jimmy. He had never gone to Uncle Peter's house alone in his life.

Yes, mother told Jimmy, he could take his little dog. "I will put the small bottle of goose grease in your pocket."

Away went Jimmy through the big woods with the goose grease in his pocket and the little dog by his side. He did not whistle, and he did not sing. He said softly to his little dog:

"If the bears are asleep, I would rather not wake them up!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" said the little dog.

"Hush!" warned Jimmy. "You keep still, and you keep tight to my heels. Don't you even chase a squirrel."

The little dog was good and obeyed Jimmy for about one minute. The two walked quietly through the beautiful forest. Birds were singing, and wild flowers were nodding on their stems. It was a lovely morning, but Jimmy felt lonely. He did not whistle.

Suddenly Jimmy saw a sight that made his heart go pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat so fast he could hardly



Illustration by H. Boylston Dummer.

WINTER QUARTERS

By Arthur Guiterman

The North Wind is keen, and the snowdrifts are deep:

"It's time," yawns the Bear, "for a *regular* sleep;

A sleep that will last while the icicles cling

And only will end with the coming of Spring."

And so he looks round for a weatherproof house;

And so does the Chipmunk, and so do the Mouse,

The Woodchuck who *knows* it will storm pretty soon,

The Squirrel, the Bat and the clever Raccoon,

Till each finds a place that is safe from his foes

Where, warm in his fur, he may curl up and doze—

A burrow, a cave, or a hole in a tree;

And no one is left but the Chick-a-dee-dee!

LAST NEWS ABOUT THE PUPPY PRIZE CONTEST!

ONLY three short days are left before the end of the puppy-prize contest. Have you sent in your entry letter? When the contest is all over please be as patient as you can—the Judges are going to have a very hard time to choose the winners!

The Editor of the Children's Page

8 Arlington Street, Boston

breathes. He saw a huge mother bear come out of the woods and cross the road with two baby bears beside her. Jimmy stood still and the little dog stood still.

The huge mother bear saw them. Her babies wished to play in the road. She gave them little spanks and told them to come along with her into the woods. They did, but they looked back.

The little dog perked up his ears. Jimmy said:

"You stay here and keep still!"

Jimmy saw the huge bear go away into the woods, and he watched the baby bears keep looking back. They saw the little dog.

The dog decided to play with the baby bears. "Bow-

wow-wow!" he said and skipped away from Jimmy. Then something happened. Quick as a flash the mother bear turned back and gave that little dog a whack that sent him rolling on the ground. Then she spanked her babies hard and made them go trotting into the bushes. She followed them.

The little dog cried and cried and did not try to get up. Jimmy loved that dog.

Of course he went to get him. He thought the mother bear wouldn't see him, but she did. That mother bear turned and came after Jimmy as fast as she could travel.

Jimmy squeezed the little dog under his arm and climbed a tall,

slim baby tree. Up and up and up he went to the tiptop. It was such a tiny tree that the big bear could not climb it. She stayed on the ground and growled at Jimmy. The tall, slim tree swayed back and forth, and back and forth. Jimmy hung on tight and did not fall. That good little tree bent this way and that way because the little boy was so heavy, but it did not break.

The bear growled and growled and growled, but she could not climb the tree.

AT last, away off in the woods, the baby bears began to cry. The mother bear heard them. Maybe she thought they had fallen down and bumped their noses, or maybe she thought they saw a man.

Jimmy was glad those baby bears cried, because the mother bear went to see what was the matter. She did not come back, so Jimmy slid down the tree and ran to the road. He wished to go home, but first he must take the goose grease to Cousin Barby. He did not like the smell of Barby's medicine, but he was glad the bottle was safe.

The little dog was safe too. Perhaps his head ached. Mother Bear had a heavy hand, to be sure. Jimmy put the dog on his feet to see if he could walk. He could. When Jimmy ran the dog trotted along so close beside him he was a bother. The boy was out of breath from running when he reached Barby's house.

"I brought her some goose grease," he told his auntie, "and now I must go home fast, because my mother said come straight home, and besides I might meet a bear."

"Whistle or sing," Barby's mother advised after she had thanked him for the goose grease and said she knew it would make her baby well. "Whistle and sing, and the bears won't touch you."

"I know it," answered Jimmy, and he whistled "Yankee Doodle" all the way home, as loud as he could. The little dog trotted close beside him. He didn't even chase a squirrel.

"That was a narrow escape," said Jimmy's mother when she heard the story. Then she went on baking ginger-cookies as if nothing had happened. She gave two to Jimmy, but she said a dog that didn't mind ought not to have a crumb!

Baby Barby never had the croup again—she never did!

THE FIELD GLASS

BY CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

I turn the lenses on a hill,
And straight the grass is snarled,
The rocks are grown to giant crags,
The trees are huge and gnarled.

But if I turn it end for end,
I find a fairy scene.
The hill's a dimple in the earth,
A gray-flecked mound of green.



Jimmy's little dog

200 Subscribers Will Win

200 Youth's Companion subscribers will get these splendid prizes as a result of The Youth's Companion's Hundredth Anniversary Subscription Contest. Some of the prizes are sure to go for a comparatively small number of new subscriptions. Why not be one of the lucky 200 yourself?

MARCH 1 is the Date. All subscription orders mailed at your post office up to midnight, March 1, will count toward your Anniversary Gift. This gives an *equal chance* to all no matter how distantly located from Boston.

CLASS 2

Average Value \$1000.00

Board and Tuition, One Year, N. E. Conservatory of Music
Dodge Automobile, Four Door Sedan
Power Boat
Furniture for Four Rooms

CLASS 3

Average Value \$750.00

Chevrolet Automobile, Four Door Sedan
Upright Player Piano
Raymond-Whitcomb Vacation Trip for Two
Williams Oil-O-Matic Burner, 275 Gal. Tank

CLASS 4

Average Value \$500.00

Ford Automobile, Coupe
Fine Hudson Seal Fur Coat, 45 inch length
Ford Tractor
Fine Diamond Ring, set in Platinum

CLASS 5

Average Value \$300.00

Speed Boat with Johnson Outboard Twin Motor
"Super Cinderella," Y. C. Lab Racing Roadster
Raccoon Fur Coat, 45-inch length
Indian Scout Motor Cycle

CLASS 6

Average Value \$200.00

Fine Diamond Ring, 18K White Gold Mounting
Radiola XXV with Speaker, Model 100
Fine Parker Double Shotgun
Cine-Kodak Motion Picture Camera with Projector, Film and Screen

CLASS 7

Average Value \$150.00

Johnson Outboard Motor
Easy Electric Washing Machine
Silver-plated Saxophone with Plush-Lined Carrying Case
Radiola XX with Loud Speaker, Model 100

CLASS 8

Average Value \$125.00

Three-Piece Living Room Set
Hamilton Watch, 19-Jewel Adjusted, 14K Solid Gold
Mahogany Hall Clock
Graflex Camera, Series B, 4 x 5, Kodak Anastigmat Lens f.4.5

CLASS 1

Average Value \$1200.00

Six Weeks' Trip to Europe for Winner and Friend
Chrysler Automobile, Style 60 Coach
Four Years' Tuition at College
Jesse French Baby Grand Piano



NEVER in all its hundred years' history has The Youth's Companion offered such prizes as these. Think of winning a Trip to Europe for Two, a Four Years' Scholarship, a fine Automobile, or any one of these 200 unusual prizes. You can have your choice by doing a little hustling between now and March 1.

How to tell what Class you are in

The Companion subscriber sending us the largest number of new yearly subscriptions during the contest, will be given his or her choice of any one of the Anniversary Gifts in Class 1. The person sending the second largest number may choose a gift from Class 2, and so on down until the gift from Class 10 has been selected. Contestants sending the next five largest lists will each be given a choice of one of the gifts in Class 11; the next 10 may each select a gift from Class 12; the next 25 may each select from Class 13; the next 50 may each select from Class 14; and the next 100 may each select from Class 15, making a total of 200 gifts.

Cash If You Prefer

Should any of the 200 winners prefer money rather than choice of the gifts offered, he will be given a cash prize equal to one-half the "average value" of his class.

Complete details in October 21, 1926 issue
Copy sent free on request

The Youth's Companion

Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or 8 Arlington Street, Boston

UP TO DECEMBER 30, 1926, the highest number of subscriptions sent by any contestant was 230, and the smallest list sent by any of the leaders was 6 subscriptions. You can easily beat these records if you start now.

CLASS 9

Average Value \$100.00

Fine Diamond Ring 18K White Gold Mounting
Underwood Typewriter, Model 4 with Cover and Baseboard
Sailing Skiff "Buccaneer," designed for Y. C. Lab
Crosley Radio Console Cabinet, 5 Tube

CLASS 10

Average Value \$75.00

Remington Portable Typewriter
Old Town Canoe, 17 Foot
Speedway Shop—Motor, Lathe, Drill, Saw and Grinder for Woodturning
Campbell Electric Fireless Range

CLASS 11

Average Value \$50.00

Hazel Grey Dress, 1927 Model
New Companion Cabinet Sewing Machine No. 11
Ranger Motobike, fully equipped
Eureka Vacuum Electric Sweeper
Suit of Clothes, Men's
Crosley Radio Receiver, 5 Tube, one Control

CLASS 12

Average Value \$40.00

Stanley Tool Cabinet No. 861
Iver-Johnson Bicycle, Champion Roadster
Diamond Ring 18K White Gold Mounting
Waltham Watch, 17-Jewel, 14K Solid Gold Case
New Companion Sewing Machine No. 3

CLASS 13

Average Value \$25.00

Prism Binocular, 8 Power
Banjo Wall Clock—Willard Model
Electric Motor, 1/4 Horse Power
Tenor Banjo
Chest of Roger Bros. 1847 Silverware—26 Pieces
112-Piece Dinner Set

CLASS 14

Average Value \$15.00

Mahogany Mantel Clock
Waltham Watch, Green or White Gold-Filled Case
Iver-Johnson Single Barrel Trap Gun, Ventilated Rib
Leather Traveling Bag
Woman's Fine Wrist Watch
Fine Bridge Lamp

CLASS 15

Average Value \$10.00

Pair All Wool Blankets
Week End Case
Banjo Ukulele
Linen Table Cloth and 12 Napkins
Gentleman's Watch, White Gold-Filled Case
Champion Shotgun